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WHAT BEFELL MELAA TIJ.

BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

MELAA TIJ lived with her grandmother in a little thatched cottage on the edge of the village of 'sGravendeel, in Holland. The cottage was built of yellow and black bricks set in curious figures, and there was a low door so cut in the middle that, while the lower part was closed, the upper part might be opened. It was painted green, and was quite overgrown with hop-vines. Beside the door was a long wooden bench, and on this bench might be seen several huge cans of brass, shining like gold in the sun. When it is said that there were two square windows, and a huge chimney about which the swallows flew, there is little to add.

Inside, the floor was made of bright, red tiles, and just opposite the door was the hearth, with the fireplace, huge and set with blue tiles; and over the fire of peat hung a large iron pot on a crane; and from the pot, which had a shiny brass rim, came a most appetizing sputtering and bubbling sound.

On one side of the room, and almost filling it, was a large mahogany double-decked bed, built into the wall, like a closet, with doors which were to be closed tightly to keep out the draughts at night—such a queer bed, with bright tulips painted in staring colors all over it. Arranged in a line on the wall were a number of old Delft plates and pitchers and mugs,

and these, with the huge chest of linen, constituted the household treasures.

The houses of 'sGravendeel, after the fashion of most Dutch villages, were all built after one model, their gable ends facing the road which followed the dike along the canal. And at either end of the village was a huge windmill, painted black and white, with long arms, on which were wide sails of tanned canvas, looking like brown velvet against the sky.

Except on market days, few people came through 'sGravendeel; and rarely was any noise heard, save the screaming of the geese, or the rumble of the two mills. The road along the dike led from the neighboring village of Deel-op-den-Dyke to Dort; but, as I say, except on market days, people very seldom wanted to go to Dort, and the people of Dort seemed never to think of Deel-op-den-Dyke. So, save the waving arms of the two windmills, and an occasional sight of one of the miller's men, all dusty white, setting the sails in the direction of the wind, there was little stirring in the village.

With the first beams of the sun, the thrifty peasants betake them to the fields; and they work their small plots of land to such purpose that the whole country, as seen from the high windows of the mills, resembles a huge patchwork of different tones of green.

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"GROOTMOEDER STOOD KNITTING AWAY BY THE DOOR."

The women are as busy as the men in Holland,—indeed, busier: for while the men rest and smoke at the noon hour, the gleaming knitting-needles are brought out by the *vrouwen* (wives), and the blue stocking grows several inches.

But about Melaatij: * It was quite late in the afternoon, and Grootmoeder stood knitting away by the door of the little yellow and black house just under the waving arms of the mill. As her lips moved, counting the stitches, her eyes wandered along the dike, and at length rested upon a cloud of dust, from the

* Pronounced "Mel-lat'ty," *ij* being the same as *y*; "Grootmoeder" is grandmother.

midst of which came a prodigious cackling of geese, and the shrill voices of children. On they came, the geese screaming, running, waddling, and flying ahead of the children, who, arm in arm and stretched across the dike, drove them before, with a great stamping of their wooden shoes.

As they passed the mill, Grootmoeder caught sight of a little figure in a crimson bodice in the middle of the line of children.

Grootmoeder could hardly believe her eyes.

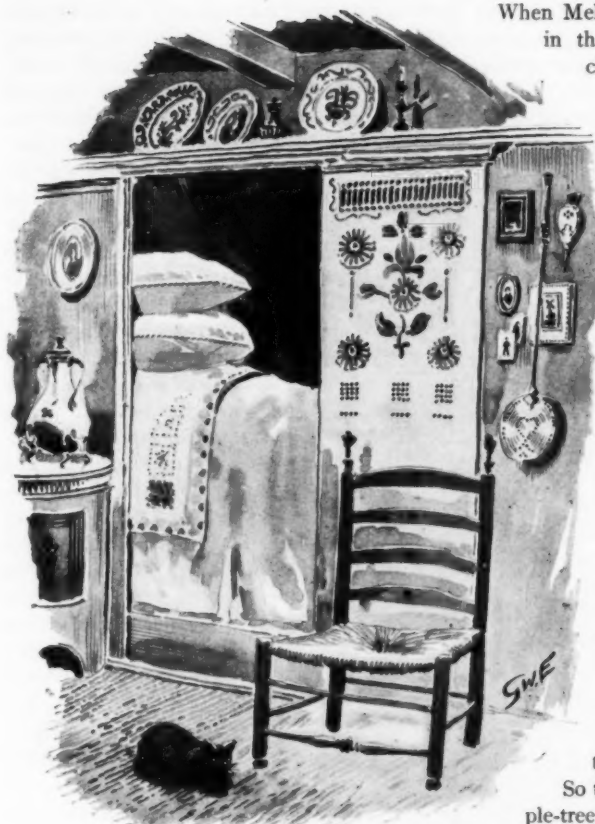
"Melaatij!" she screamed. "And is it thou? And where is black 'Tessij'?"—grasping the little one by the arm, and gazing down into her flushed, rosy face.

"Ja, Grootmoeder. I left her in the polder the apple-tree by," said the abashed Melaatij, hanging down her head.

"And alone? and thou knowest



BLACK TESSIJ UNDER THE APPLE-TREE.



"A LARGE MAHOGANY BED BUILT INTO THE WALL,
LIKE A CLOSET."

that Mijnheer Van der Brügge has vowed that he will her in the pound put, if he finds her the dijke upon again! Go thou, and bring her home! Hast thou thy mind lost, that thou leavest the best cow in 'sGravendeel to wander alone the polder in? And whilst thou chasest the geese for others! A great maid as thou art, with the head of hay upon thy shoulders! Off with thee to bring home the black Tessij before thou dost thy supper get!" And hardening her heart to the grieved look upon the child's face, she closed the door with a sounding slam.

Off went little Melaatij down the dijke, her blue skirt flying in the breeze, and her wooden shoes clattering noisily.

But black Tessij—the finest cow in all 'sGravendeel—where was she?

When Melaatij left her under the apple-tree in the polder, to join the throng of children after the geese, forgetting in her haste to close the gate of the bridge over the sluice, black Tessij saw her chance, and started upon a tour of her own; and where should she take it into her head to go, but up the dijke, to the big house of the mill-owner of 'sGravendeel, who owned the finest tulip-beds in all the country around.

Black Tessij proved that she had an eye for color; for when she came to the gate leading from the dijke to Mijnheer Van der Brügge's garden, and found it fast, she jumped lightly over it, selected the costliest and most variegated bed in the garden, went and lay down in the midst of it, and, calmly fetching up her cud, fell to chewing it as if a tulip-bed was the most natural resting-place in the world for a cow.

So that when Melaatij reached the apple-tree in the polder, black Tessij was nowhere to be seen. In vain she called and called and clapped her hands; she could hear nothing save the screaming of the geese in the distance, and the echo of her own voice coming back to her from the dijke, which wound its dusty way along the canal. Back she climbed again, thinking she might have missed her among the bushes as she came along; but no sight of the cow was to be seen.

After a moment's reflection she set off along a footpath that led across the polder to a clump of trees and dense underbrush surrounding the ruins of what had once been the great castle of 'sGravendeel, which had been destroyed a hundred years before.

"I shall find her here," thought Melaatij, as she ran along and, following the path, entered the cool shade of the trees. It was a lonely place, but the child knew no fear. She loved

the wood, the great trees, the ferns, and the mosses that grew rankly among the ruins. And soon she entirely forgot black Tessij, in the de-

path and scurried away among the ferns, and failing to find his hiding-place, she sat herself down on the moss, and leaned against one of the huge blocks of stone that were scattered about, and conned over to herself the wonderful stories she had heard

her Grootmoeder tell of buried treasure, and of Heer Baron Graafe who had lived in the castle, and the beautiful lady whom he had so illy treated that she died; and of the gold and silver he had wrung from the peasants, and hoarded and buried in iron chests in the woods. How he suddenly disappeared, and no one ever saw or heard of him afterward. How people had searched and dug for the treasure, but no one had been able to find it.

It was the belief in the village among the peasants that the treasure could only be found at sunset by a maid who had suffered a great misfortune.

This part of the story had ever been full of the most delightful mystery to Melaatij. She did not understand it in the least, but that only added to the charm. She had often wished that she might suffer; for that, she assured herself, would be to look like the statue of the Virgin in the Groote Kerk (great church) at Dort, and wear a long white veil, and a wreath of flowers. Melaatij often gazed long at the sweet patient face.

She had never suffered anything in her life, save perhaps a scolding from Grootmoeder when



MELAA TIJ AND HER GROOTMOEDER.

light of the cool, soft moss and the tiny flowers that bespangled it.

She followed a lizard that jumped across the

she did not make the butter come fast enough in the long-handled churn; and — but she suddenly remembered that she was suffering now: for, had she not lost black Tessij, the finest cow in all 'sGravendeel? She mounted the ruined wall, and looked over into what had been the cellar of the castle.

The sunshine gilded the stones in spots here and there, and the ferns grew rank. A bird hopped along through the bars of sunshine on the grass, and eyed her curiously, as who should say, "Well, little girl, what can I do for you?" Then he twittered prettily, and who knows but what he was trying to tell her that black Tessij was in the best tulip-bed in the whole of Mijngarden?



"How nice it would be," mused Melaatij, with her eyes fixed

on the bird, "to find a huge chest of gold, and go home proudly to Grootmoeder, and, as the chest was brought in by the men (for of course she could n't carry it herself), to say grandly:

"HUNDREDS OF BUTTONS BEGAN TO RUN OUT."

"Here, Grootmoeder, is a chest of gold for thee, that thou mayst in thy old age peace and plenty have."

Yes. She would have Pieter and Jan Swijzel from the mill to carry the chest, and maybe she would give them a whole silver gulden each. (A gulden was as high as Melaatij had ever calculated.) Yes, a whole gulden each; and with the rest of the treasure they (she and Grootmoeder) would go to Dort and live. Yes, in a fine house near the Groote Kerk; and they would have pudding on the table every day, and she would not forget to buy the spectacles for Grootmoeder, whose eyes had been failing her of late, so much so that even the large print in the huge Bible would sometimes run together: upon

which Grootmoeder would sigh, close the book, lay it carefully away in the closet, and resume her knitting.

Yes. Pieter and Jan would carry in the chest before all the village, and she would say grandly and proudly to Grootmoeder, "See! I have the treasure found for thee — the treasure of the Heer Baron Graafe!"

Perhaps it was buried just beneath where she sat! Mounting the ruined wall, she seated herself upon a loose stone, and bethought her of a lucky rhyme in vogue among the children, and which they always repeated whenever they happened to lose anything:

"Een-ah, twee-ah, drie-ah, Graacht,
Vijf-ah, zes-ah, zev'n-ah, Maacht!"

Nobody knew in the least what it meant, but that did not matter at all. It was lucky, and that was sufficient.

While repeating the lucky rhyme she beat time to it with her little sabots upon the stone;

and when she came to the final word "Maacht," she gave such a kick that off flew the sabot down among the weeds below. Slipping down from the spot where she had been sitting, she parted the thick bushes with her hands, carefully avoiding the nettles, and pushed her way among the thick ferns to the spot where she could see the point of the white sabot gleaming. The branches, springing back, almost blinded her; and, putting out her hands to keep them away, she suddenly felt the ground crumbling under her feet. She clung to the ferns and weeds to save herself, but the effort was useless, and down she went, with the stones and loose earth rattling and falling all about her. One stone struck her on the head. She saw for a moment the green leaves and the patch of golden sky above her; then all grew dark before her eyes, and she knew no more.

When little Melaatij opened her eyes again, the light was but faintly shining through the trees, for it was well-nigh night-fall. For a moment she did not realize where she was, or what had happened. But finally the pain in her head and her bruised knees became so bad that she remembered her fall, and attempted to "OH, MIJNHEER, DON'T TAKE TESSIJ!" rise, catching at a sort of projection which jutted out from the steep bank above her; but to her horror it moved loosely, as if it would fall. She had barely time to roll to one side ere the whole mass fell outward, and seemed to crumble away. The shape of it was square, and so remained; and when she touched it she realized that it was iron, but so rusted that it was like flakes of rotten wood.

There were some rags in the square shape,

and she gingerly poked them about until what seemed to be hundreds of buttons began to run out of the discolored mass in a stream. She stooped and picked some of them up, and examined them closely. They seemed to her to be like money, but such queer money—the like of it she had never seen before, and it was so brown and black, too! She put some of them into her pocket.

Suddenly from afar off came the "moo!" of a cow, and at once she knew it for black Tessij's cry. And then it all came to her that she had lost black Tessij; and, forgetting the stream of queer brown and black buttons, as well as the cruel bruise on her temple, she hurriedly climbed up the steep bank, and ran swiftly along the path through the wood in the direction from which had come the sound of black Tessij's cry.

At the edge of the wood she paused an instant. She could see the top of the towers of the great house of Mijnheer Van der Brügge, and also the brass weathervane shining against the quiet evening sky. Below, the dusk hid the dijk; but there came sounds of shouting, and once the familiar bellow of black Tessij. On she ran now swifter than ever, and finally reached the small foot-bridge that led across the sluiceway to the dijk, then up the steep steps; and there she saw a crowd of villagers excitedly talking together, and among them Mijnheer Van der Brügge and the poundmaster, driving black Tessij before them. She screamed aloud at this.



"OH, MIJNHEER,
DON'T TAKE
TESSIJ!"



"THEY LOADED THE BASKET."

"Oh, Mijneer, oh, don't take Tessij! Oh, *als 't U belieft* (if you please)!"

At this Mijneer Van der Brügge turned, and seeing a little girl with a torn skirt and only one sabot, and a huge bruise on her white forehead, on her knees at his feet, exclaimed:

"What! and is it thou, Melaatij? And dost thou know what thy black duivel of a cow has done? Well, then, I 'll tell thee," he said, as Melaatij sobbingly shook her head. "She has spoiled three hundred guldens' worth of rare tulips; and for this —"

How much more Mijneer would have said no one knows; for at that moment, such was the little thing's terror at hearing of this damage to the tulip-bed, she excitedly struck her knees with both hands, so that her apron pockets, which she had filled with the queer brown and

black buttons that she found in the wood, here gave way, and the contents rolled this way and that about her. Mijneer stooped and picked some of them up. Then he glanced at her in astonishment.

"How now," he said harshly; "and where and how didst thou come by these?"

"Ah, Mijneer," said the little thing, in terror, "I found them in the wood, *als 't U belieft*; and there are hundreds and hundreds more. I fell on them, Mijneer." And then she began to cry.

Mijneer stooped and gathered them all up carefully, and after ordering the poundmaster to take the cow poundward, he seized the arm of Melaatij, and said:

"Come, come; get up and show me quickly where thou didst find these. Dost thou know what they are?"

"Nay, Mijneer, *als 't U belieft*."

And then Mijneer rapidly walked on in the direction from which the little one had come — so rapidly that she was well-nigh out of breath when they arrived at the wood's edge. There Melaatij led the way, and soon they came to the spot where she had fallen; and there was the same little bird hopping along, his head on one side, knowingly gazing at them; but Mijneer did not care for the bird, or indeed seem to see it at all; for he said: "Now, where is the place where thou didst find these?"

"There — there, below, at the bottom of the bank, where the stones are loose," said Melaatij, pointing to the place.

And down leaped Mijneer. Soon he gave a cry: "Go to my house and bring Jan at once, and Cläes also, and bid them fetch a basket."

Well, to make a long story short, Melaatij soon returned with the two men, and they soon loaded the basket with the queer brown and black buttons which Melaatij had found. But

you must know that they were not buttons at all, but pure gold and silver coins—so many of them that I am afraid to name the amount. For this was the long-hidden treasure of the Heer Baron Graafe, and the place where Melaatij so luckily fell had been the very spot where no one had thought of searching for it in all the many long years that it had lain there. Of course, having found the treasure, Melaatij was entitled to a certain part of it; and after the money was delivered to the Heer Treasurer at Amsterdam, and the rightful heirs appeared, and the money was divided, the Treasurer sent word to Melaatij that twelve thousand gulden (nearly \$5000) was in the bank in her name.

Think what a proud moment it was in Melaatij's life when the messenger arrived in the town, and asked to be directed to the domicile of

Jufvrouw Melaatij Taat, and the whole village escorted him to the neat cottage, where the official notice was delivered to the little girl, and receipted for by Mijnheer Van der Brügge, who was appointed her guardian! And there has been no more talk of the terrible deed of black Tessij, nor indeed of punishment for Melaatij; for she is now a little heiress, and is at school in Amsterdam—and who knows what else there is in store for her?—while Grootmoeder is living comfortably at the great house of Mijnheer Van der Brügge. And I may say that grootmoeder now has little trouble in reading the Bible, for she has a new one of larger and clearer print, and a beautiful new pair of gold-bowed spectacles, through which better to read the letters. And from where I am writing I can see the two mills waving their velvety-brown arms against the sky.



A MODEL CHILD.

BY HELEN HOPKINS.

HER temper 's always sunny, her hair is ever neat;
She does n't care for candy—she says it is too sweet!
She loves to study lessons—her sums are always right;
And she gladly goes to bed at eight every single night!

Her apron 's never tumbled, her hands are always clean;
With buttons missing from her shoe she never has been seen.

She remembers to say "Thank you," and "Yes, ma'am, if you please";
And she never cries, not frets, nor whines; she 's ne'er been known to tease.

Each night upon the closet shelf she puts away her toys;
She never slams the parlor door, nor makes the slightest noise;
But she loves to run on errands and to play with little brother,
And she 's never in her life been known to disobey her mother.

"Who is this charming little maid?
I long to grasp her hand!"
She 's the daughter of Mr. Nobody,
And she lives in Nowhereland!

TEDDY AND CARROTS: TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

By JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW-COMER.

"SAY, boys, come 'round over here by the fountain, an' I 'll show you something!" Skip Jellison shouted to a party of his friends who were seated on a curbstone, not far from the Newsboys' Lodging House, gravely discussing a business proposition which had been made by Sid Barker.

"What 's the matter?" Reddy Jackson asked, replacing his fragment of a hat.

"Come over here; an' you must be quick about it, or the show will be ended."

Skip was so excited that his acquaintances and friends concluded it must be something of considerable importance to cause him to move in such a lively manner, and they followed him a short distance down the street, until it was possible to have a full view of the fountain.

There the cause of Master Jellison's agitation could be seen.

Seated on the edge of the iron basin, with a newspaper parcel unrolled in front of him, was a boy, apparently about twelve years of age, who, to the newsboy spectators, looked painfully neat and clean. Skip and his friends saw that the boy was a stranger in the city.

The new-comer had taken from their news-

paper wrappings a small cake of yellow soap, and a piece of cotton cloth.

Laying these on the iron edge of the fountain basin, he calmly proceeded to wash his face and hands, using a plentiful amount of soap; and then, to the intense astonishment of the spectators, applied the impromptu towel vigorously.

"Well, that fellow 's too good for down town!" Skip said in what he intended for a sarcastic tone. "He b'longs up at the Fif' Avenoo."

"Oh, he 's jest got in from the country, an' is goin' to buy Brooklyn Bridge," Sid suggested.

"Look at him! Jest look at him!" Skip cried, in mingled excitement and anger that the boy should be so criminally neat.

The stranger had taken from his valise of paper a comb, which he calmly proceeded to use, the water in the basin serving as a mirror; and then, to the surprise and disdain of the spectators, he gave his clothes a vigorous brushing with a whisk broom.

"Well, see here!" and Skip spoke in the tone of one who is uncertain whether it is best to laugh or be angry, "that feller 's makin' me tired. S'pos'n' we go over an' give him a shakin' up, jest for fun. Come on!" and Skip led the way across the street at full speed.

The stranger looked up calmly when they approached, but betrayed neither astonishment

nor alarm; and Skip involuntarily halted a few paces away, as he asked gruffly: "Say, young fellow, what 're you tryin' to do?"

"Can't you see?"

"I thought I did; but these chaps here made sure there must be some mistake about it."

The boy gazed critically at those who were surrounding him, and then replied:

"Well, 'cordin' to the looks of the whole crowd, I should *think* you might be s'prised to see a fellow wash his face an' comb his hair."

"Now, don't get too fresh," Sid said threateningly, as he stepped forward to Skip's side. "We did n't come here to git the 'pinion of any country jay."

"Then why did you want 'er know?"

"'Cause. Say, you 'd better mind your eye, young fellow, if you count on stayin' 'round this city very long. There was a chap jest like you come down here last week tryin' to put on airs: an' his folks are huntin' for him now."

"Well, you need n't be worried anybody 'll be lookin' for me, 'cause there 's nobody wants to know where I am. So go ahead, if I 've been doin' anything you perfessors don't like."

Sid apparently decided that it was hardly advisable for him to make too many threatening gestures, because the stranger was not at all disturbed by them, and even seemed disposed to court the possibly dreadful encounter.

He finished brushing his clothes, and then packed his "valise," by rolling the different articles carefully in the newspaper. Then, instead of going away, as Skip and his friends seemed to think he should have done as soon as they arrived, he stood with his hands on his hips, as if waiting for them to take their departure. For a minute no one spoke, and the silence was really painful.

The newsboys were mentally taking the measure of this stranger who appeared ready to defy them; and the latter finally asked impatiently: "Well, what 're you fellers countin' on doin'? I reckon I 'm no great sight for you to stand lookin' at."

"Do you live here?" Skip asked.

"I 'm goin' to now. Had it tough enough gettin' here, an' don't feel like leavin' till I 've found out what there is in this city."

"Where did you come from?"

"Up Saranac way."

"Rode down in a parlor-car, I s'pose."

"Then you s'pose wrong, 'cause I walked."

"You don't look it." And once more Skip scrutinized the stranger carefully.

"I don't reckon I do. I count on keepin' myself kind er decent. It does n't cost anything for a feller to wash his face, comb his hair, or have his clothes clean, an' there 's many a time when it 'll pull him through in great shape."

"Goin' to live on the interest of your money, I s'pose?"

"Well, you s'pose right this time," was the quiet reply. "That 's my calkerlation; but it 'll be on what I earn, not what I 've got."

"Dead broke?"

"Not quite," and the boy took from his pocket a number of pennies, holding them in one hand, while he guarded himself against a possible attack. "There were twenty of 'em when I come 'cross the ferry, an' I b'lieve none of 'em have got away since."

"What are you goin' to do here?" Sid asked, beginning to fancy that possibly this stranger was a boy whom it would be worth his while to cultivate; and, in order to show his friendliness, he seated himself in a studied attitude of careless ease on the edge of the basin, while the others immediately followed his example.

"Whatever will bring in money enough for my keep, an' a little over."

"Thinkin' of sellin' papers?" Reddy asked.

"I reckon that 'll be 'bout the first job, 'cause I 've got to make money enough for my supper, or dig too big a hole in my capital."

"What 's your name?"

"Teddy Thurston."

"Do you s'pose the fellers down here, what run the newspaper business, are goin' to have you comin' in takin' the bread an' butter out er their mouths?" Sid asked angrily.

"No, I don't reckon they will; but you see I 'm not after that exac'ly. You fellers 'll never find me tryin' to get your bread an' butter; but I 'll tell you what you can count on for a fact," and now the stranger spoke in a very decided tone, "I 'm reckonin' on stickin' to the newspaper business, if there 's any money in it, jest as long as I want to. I did n't travel all the way down here to get scared the first

day. You see, I figger it 'bout like this: Sam Thompson, he came to the city last summer, an' some fellows—I don't know whether it was you or not—made it hot for him. It was n't more 'n a week before he was glad to walk back, although he came down in the cars. Now I thought I 'd begin right where Sam left off: I 'd walk the first way, an' then, perhaps,

would show a green hand how to get his papers, an' where the best places were, eh?"

"That 's jest 'cordin' to how you start in, young fellow," and Sid arose to his feet in order to make his words more expressive. "If you want to go to work, an' mind your eye, I don't know but it can be done; but you won't get along this way. You 're puttin' on too



"YOU'D BETTER MIND YOUR EYE, IF YOU COUNT ON STAVIN' ROUND THIS CITY VERY LONG!" SAID SKIP."

stand a better chance of ridin' the other, if I had to go; but it 's got to be boys what are bigger than I am to scare me out er the plan. I 've come to stay."

"Oh, you have?" and there was no mistaking the fact that Skip was sarcastic. "We may have something to say 'bout that."

"Then you want 'er talk quick, 'cause after I 'm settled down, it 'll be a pretty hard job to make any trade with me."

"Where you goin' to begin business?"

"I don't know yet. I 'll look 'round a while, an' catch on before night, somewhere. I reckon there are fellows in this town that

many frills—that 's what 's the matter with you, an' they 'll have to be taken off."

"Well, perhaps they will"; and Teddy turned as if to leave his new acquaintances. "You see, I 'm pretty green, an' may be countin' on doin' too much. I 'll try it a spell, anyhow."

"We allers 'low, when it 's 'greed a new hand can go to work, that he stands treat the first thing."

"Oh, I see! Well, I don't have to do that, 'cause it ain't been 'greed yet. When I want you fellows to tell me what I can do, perhaps I may come down 'cordin' to your idees; but jest now I 've got too much business on hand";

and the stranger walked away, as if these young gentlemen, who claimed to control the newspaper business of New York City, were of no especial importance in his eyes.

"Look here, fellows," Skip said wildly, for he always contrived to work himself into a state of intense excitement over the most trifling matters, "the way he 's going on now, he 'll be the boss of Newspaper Row before mornin', 'less we take a hand in it."

"What are you goin' to do?" Sid asked in much too quiet a tone to suit his excited friend.

"Thump his head the very first time he tries to sell a paper, to start with, an' run him out er town before ter-morrer night."

"I don't see how you can tackle him now when he ain't doin' anything."

"Of course not; but he brags he 's goin' to; an' the first time he tucks a bundle of papers under his arm, I 'll give him one to remember!"

"Look out you don't git it the same 's you did last week, over in Brooklyn!" Teenie Massey cried in his shrillest tones, which hardly ever failed to excite Master Skip's anger.

"Don't you mind how I got it over in Brooklyn! I 'll tend to my business; you tend to yours. If we waited for you to do anything, we'd all be bald-headed," was Skip's answer to this taunt; but Teenie was not at all abashed. It was his favorite amusement to arouse Skip's anger, and rely upon his diminutive stature to escape a whipping; for Master Jellison prided himself upon his ability to flog any fellow of his size in New York. "You fellows meet me in front of *The Times* office at noon, an' I 'll show him up in great shape, 'less he comes to hisself before then, which I reckon he will, 'cause he 'll never have the nerve to stand up ag'in' the whole crowd of us," said Skip.

Meanwhile the stranger was apparently giving no heed to the young tyrant who had decided it would be impossible for him to remain in the city; but continued on his way down-town, ignorant of, and perhaps careless regarding, the fact that he was to be debarred from earning a livelihood by selling newspapers, if Skip Jellison's power was as great as he would have others believe.

CHAPTER II.

THE ASSAULT.

THE appearance of the clean-looking boy, even though his clothes were rather shabby, attracted no particular attention among the small army of newsboys and boot-blacks to be found in the vicinity of City Hall Park; and Teddy Thurston was enabled to survey the scene around him without interruption.

During a few moments he interested himself in what, to the country lad, must have been a bewildering scene; and then, mentally "pulling himself together," he began to watch the young gentlemen who were selling papers.

Near by him were several boot-blacks who appeared to be doing a flourishing business; and he said to himself, jingling the coins in his pocket, as if trying to revive his courage:

"If I had money enough to buy brushes an' a box, I b'lieve I 'd black boots for a while. It seems as if there was a good deal of profit in it. One of those fellows has earned fifteen cents since I stood here, an' I 'm sure the paper-sellers are n't doin' so well."

Just at that moment a small boy, with particularly red hair and a stubby nose on which was a large smudge of blacking, finished his work of polishing a gentleman's boots, and pocketed with an air of satisfaction the three extra pennies which had been given him.

Then, standing very near Teddy, he whistled in the most contented manner possible.

The boy from Saranac looked at him a moment, as if trying to decide whether the city fellow would be willing to give the desired information, and then asked:

"Say, what do the brushes cost?"

"I paid Ikey Cain forty cents for these two," the stranger replied without hesitation, as he displayed the articles last mentioned. "They 're good ones. I could n't have got 'em less 'n a dollar down on Fulton Street."

"That settles me," Teddy said, as if speaking to himself; and then, without particular animation, he inquired, "What 's the cost of the boxes?"

"Oh, the fellers don't buy these; they make 'em. All you 've got to do is ask some man in a store for one, an', if he gives it to you, find

a chunk of wood an' whittle out this top part. It 's the blackin' what takes the profits off. I paid twenty cents for that bottle last Monday, an' it 's more 'n half gone already."

Teddy ceased jingling his coins, and was about to turn away, when his new acquaintance asked: "Was you thinkin' of shinin'?"

"Eh?"

"I mean was you goin' inter the business?"

"No, I can't; have n't got money enough. I reckon I 'll have to sell papers for a while."

"You 'll be jest as rich," the small boy said as he added another smudge of blacking to his nose by rubbing it in a thoughtful manner. "You see, when it rains, the fellers can sell papers all the same; but we have to lay off 'cause nobody wants their boots shined in wet weather. Where do you live?"

"Well, about anywhere, now. You see, I jest come down from Saranac, to find out how I could earn my livin'."

"What was you doin' up there?"

"I worked for Farmer Taylor a spell, but he would n't give me more 'n my clothes; an' when a fellow has to work a year on the farm for sich a rig-out as I 've got here, it don't seem as if he 'd get rich very soon."

"I ain't so sure," the boy with the blackened nose said, as he surveyed the stranger. "You seem to be rigged out pretty swell, an' I guess they fed you well enough—gave you all you wanted, eh?"

"Oh, yes, I got enough to eat, an' a fair place to sleep in; but it seems as though a fellow like me ought 'er have more 'n that, if he works hard all day for it."

"Well, I s'pose he had; but you see there 's a good many times when business is dull 'round here, an' if you have n't got the cash to pay right up to dots for a room, you 'll have a chance to sleep where you can. I 've been thinkin' of goin' on to a farm, myself; but I don't seem to get ahead fast enough to make a break."

Teddy was rather pleased with this new acquaintance. The red-haired boy was the first in the city who had treated him with the slightest degree of friendliness, and it would have been gross carelessness to neglect him.

"What 's your name?" he asked, as he moved slowly toward one of the benches, with

an air which invited the boot-black to sit down.

"Well, it 's Joseph Williams; but nobody 'round here calls me that. The fellers sing out 'Carrots' when they want me, 'cause you see my hair is red."

"Yes, I could tell that in the dark," Teddy said with a smile, as he looked at Master Williams's flame-colored head.

"I don't care what they call me. If it does 'em any good to sing out 'Carrots' whenever I go by, why, let 'em do it. But that 's what makes me think 'bout goin' to farmin'."

"What is?"

"'Cause they yell so much 'bout carrots. I don't know as I 'd like sich things, for I never eat any; but it seems as if a feller that 's so red-headed as I am b'longs in the country."

"I don't know how you make that out."

"Neither do I; but that 's the way it looks to me. Must be nice to be where there 's grass, so 's you can get up in the mornin' an' run 'round in the fields."

"Yes; but that 's what you would n't be doin'. If you was livin' on a farm you 'd have to hustle, an' there 's enough work in the mornin' without runnin' 'round the fields, I tell you."

"What did you use ter do?"

"Well, first place, I fed the cows. We did n't keep any sheep; but I looked after the hosses an' pigs, an' then there was a pesky little calf that gave me lots o' trouble. But look here," Teddy added quickly, "there 's plenty of time for me to tell you 'bout a farm. Jest now I want 'er do somethin' to earn my livin'. Can you show me where to get some papers?"

"Are you goin' inter the business sure?"

"Only for a little while. I don't count on sellin' papers all my life. You see, I 'low to make money enough so 's I can go inter somethin' reg'lar for myself."

"Oh, you do, eh?" and Master Carrots indulged in a bit of sarcasm. "Well, I reckon it 'll be a pretty long while before you earn that much. You 'll be mighty lucky to have all you want 'er eat, an' a place to sleep. What have you got in your pocket?"

"Nothin' pertic'lar. That 's my baggage," and in order to prove his friendliness toward the red-haired stranger, Teddy displayed the

contents of the newspaper parcel, greatly to the surprise of his new acquaintance.

"What 's that little brush for?"

"Why, to clean my teeth, of course."

Carrots looked at his new friend in surprise which amounted almost to bewilderment.

"Well," Teddy asked, "what 's the matter?"

"Well, seems as if you was puttin' on a good deal of style for a feller that has n't got money enough to buy the outfit for the boot-black trade."

"I don't know as there 's anything so queer 'bout that; but you fellows seem to think

More than once, before the short journey was ended, did the boy from Saranac fancy he would be trampled under the feet of the horses; but by dint of his own exertions, aided now and then by a vigorous pull from his guide, he was soon standing in an ill-ventilated room, where half a dozen fellows were clamoring for round, flat pieces of brass.

"Here—I don't want those," Teddy said, as Carrots led the way to the desk where the disks were being sold.

"But you 've got to have the checks if you count on gettin' papers. Give me your money. How many do you want?"

"I 'll take twenty cents' worth, anyhow, an' see what I can do with them as a starter"; and Teddy handed the pennies confidently to his new acquaintance.

Carrots laid the coins in front of the busy man at the desk, received the bits of brass, and with them went to the counter on which large numbers of newspapers were lying, where he received Teddy's first stock in trade.

"Find out what the news is, an' yell the best you know how," Carrots said, pushing the young gentleman from Saranac toward the street door; and five minutes later the new merchant was following his friend's advice to the letter, by crying his wares in



TEDDY IS ARRESTED, WHILE HIS ENEMIES ESCAPE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

there 's no call to keep yourselves lookin' clean."

"Well, you see, we don't claim to be swells."

"Yes, so I see," Teddy replied; then he added: "Say, these fellows seem to be sellin' a good many papers. S'pos'n' you show me where to buy some?"

"All right; come along"; and, slinging his box over his shoulder, Carrots started across Printing House Square, threading his way in and out among the vehicles in a manner which seemed to Teddy almost criminally reckless.

such a manner as excited the mirth of the other dealers.

"It seems to me I ain't doin' this jest right," Teddy said to himself, and then he waited a moment, listening to the more experienced venders.

It was not long before he succeeded in imitating their cries, and had already sold four papers when Skip Jellison, who was accompanied by his friends Sid Barker and Teenie Massey, appeared in view.

"There he is!" Teenie cried in his shrillest

tones. "Now let's see you go for him! He's actin' as if he owned the whole town!"

Skip prepared for battle by rolling up his coat-sleeves, and settling his dilapidated cap more firmly on his head. Then, running swiftly forward, he confronted Teddy as he was on the point of selling a paper to a gentleman through a horse-car window.

Skip did not wait to be attacked, for he believed in striking the first blow as a means of confusing the enemy; and before Teddy recognized the boy who had threatened him, he received a severe blow in the face which caused him to reel backward.

The paper fell from his hand, the horse-car continued its way, and this important transaction in news was nipped in the bud, to the serious loss of the young merchant.

Teddy was bewildered for an instant, as Skip had expected, and he did not recover his self-possession until Master Jellison had struck him once more, this time without serious effect, since the blow, being a hasty one, glanced from the boy's shoulder.

It sufficed, however, to throw Teddy's stock of papers into the mud of the street, thereby ruining several so that they would not sell to fastidious customers; and this, more than the injury received, aroused Teddy's ire.

The boy from Saranac may have been ignorant concerning the customs of the city, but he was thoroughly well aware that it was necessary to defend himself; and an instant later Skip found he had quite as much on hand as he could attend to properly.

Teddy, giving no heed to his wares, struck out with more strength than science, and forced his adversary to beat a swift retreat.

"Now you've got it!" Teenie shrieked, as if delighted that Skip had met an opponent who was a match for him.

But Skip paid no heed to Teenie, and, raising his fists as an invitation to Teddy to "come on," awaited the conclusion of the battle, confident as to who would be the victor.

Teddy had no idea of holding back; for this attack was but the beginning of a series which were intended to drive him out of business, and it was necessary it should be repulsed if he wished to earn his livelihood by the sale of newspapers.

Therefore he advanced boldly, and aimed what was intended for a stinging blow at his antagonist's face; but it was met by Skip's arm, and before Teddy could raise his hand again, Teenie squeaked loudly and shrilly enough to have been heard at the post-office:

"Cops! Hi, fellers, here 's de cops!"

Teddy was wholly at a loss to know what was meant by this cry, although he understood it was one of warning; and as he looked around to ascertain the cause, Skip turned and immediately started at full speed across the park, intent only on escaping from the blue-coated guardians of the peace.

With a cry of triumph, Teddy followed in pursuit; but before he had traversed twenty yards a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he found himself in the clutches of one of the park guards.

"I've made up my mind that this sort of thing 's been going on long enough," the officer said, shaking the boy from Saranac as he led him toward the approaching policeman. "You little ragamuffins seem to think this park 's kept for you to fight in, but now I'm going to show you what 's what."

"Just let me get hold of the fellow who knocked my papers in the mud, and I'll show *you* what 's what!" Teddy cried, not understanding that he had been arrested. "They are n't goin' to drive me away from this town, if I know myself."

"Well, now there won't be anybody able to do that till after you settle with the court," the guard said, as he handed his prisoner over to the policeman; and Teddy's face grew pale as he realized that his attempted entrance into the business community of New York city was to be checked in an ignominious manner.

(To be continued.)

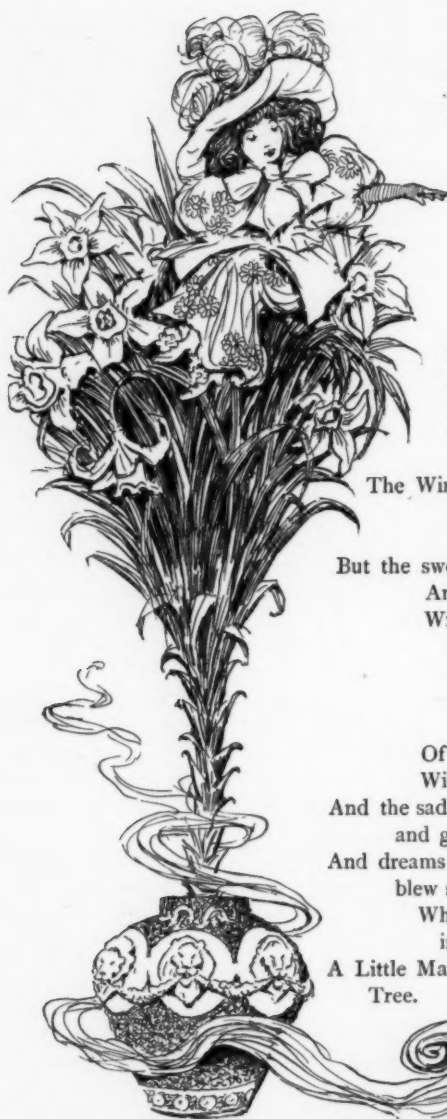
The Jonquil Maid.

(A Springtime Fancy.)

BY ARTHUR MACY.

A LITTLE Maid sat in a Jonquil Tree,
Singing alone, in a low love-tone;
And the Wind swept by with a wistful moan;
For he longed to stay
With the Maid all day;
But he knew,
As he blew,
It was true
That the dew
Would never, never dry
If the Wind should die;
So he hurried away where the rosebuds grew.
And while to the Land of the Rose went he,
Singing alone, in a low love-tone,
The Little Maid sat in a Jonquil Tree.

The Wind swept back to the Jonquil Tree
At the close of day,
In the twilight gray;
But the sweet Little Maid had stolen away,
And whither she 's flown
Will never be known
Till the Rose,
As it blows,
Shall disclose
All it knows
Of the Maid so fair
With the sunset hair.
And the sad Wind comes, and sighs,
and goes,
And dreams of the day when he
blew so free:
When, singing alone,
in a low love-tone,
A Little Maid sat in a Jonquil
Tree.



A RAIN-SONG.

BY EVALEEN STEIN.

TINKLE, tinkle,
Lightly fall
On the peach-buds, pink and small;
Tip the tiny grass, and twinkle
On the willows green and tall.

Tinkle, tinkle—
Faster now,
Little rain-drops, smite and sprinkle
Cherry-bloom and apple-bough!
Pelt the elms, and show them how
You can dash!
And splash! splash! splash!
While the thunder rolls and mutters, and the
lightnings flash and flash!

Then eddy into curls
Of a million misty swirls,
And thread the air with silver, and embroider
it with pearls!

And patter, patter, patter
On the mossy flags, and clatter
On the streaming window-pane.

Rain, rain,
On the leaves,
And the eaves,
And the turning weathervane!

Rush in torrents from the tip
Of the gable-peak, and drip
In the garden-bed, and fill
All the cuckoo-cups, and pour
More and more
In the tulip-bowls, and still
Overspill
In a crystal tide, until
Every yellow daffodil
Is flooded to its golden rim, and brimming o'er
and o'er!

Then as gently as the low
Muffled whirl of robin wings,
Or a sweep of silver strings,
Even so
Take your airy April flight
Through the merry April light,
And melt into a mist of rainy music as you go.

A BIRD-CALL.

BY SARA M. CHATFIELD.

BIRD of the azure wing,
Bird of the silver note,
Come! for it is the spring,
And high the white clouds float.
Come, bluebird, come!

Bird of the crimson breast,
Robin—we miss you well;
Robin, we love you best.
Come! for the cowslips swell.
Come, robin, come!

Bird of the circling flight
'Gainst twilight's pearly skies,
Soft call the winds of night,
Lonely the water cries—
Come, swallow, come!

CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

"Go away!" shrieked Bob. Instantly the genie disappeared.

"What 's the matter with you, Bob?" demanded Chris, determined not to reveal the secret of the lamp if he could avoid it.

"Did n't you see it?" quavered his cousin, his teeth chattering.

"Did n't I see what?"

"Why, that thing over by the window. I could n't have imagined it."

"I don't see anything there," said Chris.

"It is n't there now," replied the trembling Bob; "but—but—Chris, I believe I 've had a nightmare."

"You 'd better lie down and go to sleep," advised Chris.

"I don't feel as if I could sleep any more to-night. It must have been that cake I ate at the sewing-circle; but still, that was more than twenty-four hours ago."

"Well, you shut your eyes, and I guess you 'll get to sleep without any trouble," said Chris.

Just then there came a sharp rap upon the door.

"Who is it?" asked Bob.

"It 's me," was the reply, in the shrill voice of Mrs. Storms. "I wish yeou tew boys would remember that my room is right under yeourn, an' stop cuttin' up. Ef yeou don't, I 'll hev tew wake up yeour folks, fer I *ain't* a-goin' tew be kep' awake *all* night."

"We won't make any more noise, Mrs. Storms," said Bob, as he turned over and closed his eyes, whispering to his cousin: "I hope I sha'n't have that same dream again."

Chris mentally echoed the wish as he slyly removed the lamp from under the pillow and placed it on the table by the bedside.

In a few minutes both boys were asleep again; when they awoke it was broad daylight. Bob had "slept off" the impression made upon him by the genie, and laughed and joked about his supposed nightmare while he dressed. He told the story at the breakfast-table, and Mrs. Storms remarked darkly that in all her life she had never "heern tell of ennybody with a clear conscience hevin' a nightmare."

As soon after breakfast as he could escape, Chris went out to the barn with the lamp under his coat, and summoned the genie.

The erratic spirit appeared in a shape even more terrible than that he had chosen to assume on the occasion of his last appearance. This time he looked like a composite lion and unicorn, with a slight suggestion of a war-horse.

Chris had prepared himself for a shock, but he could not help starting nervously as the genie materialized out of thin air. However, he said sharply:

"I 'll trouble you to change yourself into Pulsifer Jukes again, in as quick time as possible."

The command was instantly obeyed: the next moment the genie stood before his master in the semblance of that benevolent-looking old man.

"That 's always the way," he grumbled. "You never stick to one idea more than an hour at a time. I thought you gave me the privilege of appearing in any shape I pleased."

"So I did," replied Chris, sternly; "but you 've abused it, and henceforth I want you to appear as Pulsifer Jukes unless I give you orders to the contrary. Why, you nearly exposed the entire business by the way you acted last night."

"I only did my duty," said the genie, sulkily. Then he added, "And I sincerely wish that young fellow had retained possession of the lamp. I liked his looks."

"And you don't like mine. Is that what you mean?" asked Chris.

"I did n't say so," returned the genie; "but really I *don't* see, for the life of me, why you make such a tremendous secret of the fact that you have gained possession of the lamp."

"We won't discuss the point now," said Chris. "I want to get you to do something for me. I've been appointed pitcher of the Lincolnville Baseball Club, and there's to be a game this afternoon. Now, I want to win that game for the Lincolnvilles."

"Oh, you do?" said the genie, with a peculiar smile.

"Yes, I do. Now, between ourselves, I'm no pitcher at all, and I want you to help me out."

"You mean that you expect me to give you the ability to win the game?" questioned the genie.

"That's it."

"Well, I can't do it."

"Wh-what?" stammered Chris, in dismay.

"I say I can't do it. I'm about as able an all-round genie as you'll find in a day's walk; but I have my limitations, and I can't make you over. If you want to be able to pitch, why, go ahead and learn how. Practise, watch other pitchers, attend all the games you can, and in time you may be able to play respectably."

"But good gracious!" exclaimed Chris, aghast, "the game comes off this afternoon."

"Oh, you can't pitch in that game," said the genie; "that's out of the question. But I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll take your place."

"Did you ever play ball?" asked Chris.

"Never; but you know *me*," laughed the genie. "Yes, I'll take your place, and no one will ever know the difference."

"No, you won't," said Chris, stubbornly. "I'll play myself, and I'll win, too."

"Let us hope so," said the genie, shrugging his shoulders. "If you want me, send for me. I don't think I'd better make any engagement for this afternoon."

"You may go," said the boy, abruptly; and his slave vanished.

Chris was greatly disappointed by the outcome of this interview. He left the barn, filled

with misgivings as to the result of the game. How bitterly he now regretted his success in gaining the confidence of the Lincolnville boys! If he failed to make good his promise, he would be the laughing-stock of both nines.

His nervousness communicated itself to Bob, who could not imagine what had "come over" his cousin, and that afternoon the two boys appeared upon the ball-ground with very long faces. Bob had begun to fear that Chris was going to make a failure of his self-imposed task, and Chris was almost sure of it.

The field was located in a pasture just back of Bob's house. As Chris entered it, he was met by Nat Marston, who was captain of the Dusenbury nine. Nat greeted him with:

"Why, hallo, Chris; what are you doing here?"

"I'm in Lincolnville on a visit to my cousin; that little fellow over there."

"Bob Green? Oh, I know him; did n't know he was your cousin. So you're going to be one of the spectators, eh?"

"Not exactly," replied Chris, assuming an air of importance. "I'm to pitch for the Lincolnvilles."

"Wha-a-at?" cried Nat, in astonishment.

Chris repeated the assertion.

"How did they happen to put *you* in?" asked Nat, with a stifled laugh.

"Because they thought I could fill the bill," returned Chris, stiffly.

"Well, I'm glad they did"; and Nat ran off chuckling to tell his men the news.

A few minutes later the game was called; the Lincolnvilles were at the bat, the Dusenburys in the field.

The Dusenbury pitcher was looked upon by the boys as a phenomenon, for he was master of a very peculiar and difficult curve. On this occasion he began well for his reputation, for two of the Lincolnvilles struck out without touching the ball.

"Now, then, show us what you can do, Wagstaff!" shouted Sam Reid, the captain of the Lincolnville nine, to Chris, who was third batter; at which several of the Dusenbury boys smiled audibly.

As a "teaser" the pitcher delivered a ball that was beyond Chris's reach. He struck at

it, missed it, of course, and the umpire promptly called:

"One strike!"

The plainly expressed derision of the Dusenburys added to poor Chris's nervousness, and he allowed a fair ball to pass without striking.

"Strike two!" shouted the umpire.

Then Chris "swiped" excitedly at another wild ball; and, amid the uproarious laughter of the Dusenbury boys, the umpire declared:

"Three strikes, and out! Side out."

The crestfallen Lincolnville took the field. As Chris entered the pitcher's box, the captain said to him, half angrily, half entreatingly:

"Now go ahead and show what you are made of."

"I will, I must!" muttered Chris. "There's no such word as fail."

But in this case there was. When, after a great preparatory splurge, that was watched sneeringly by the Dusenbury boys and in silent, breathless expectation by the Lincolnvilles, he delivered the ball, it hit the first Dusenbury batter.

"Take your base!" called the umpire.

With an ugly look at Chris, the batter trotted down to first; and several very uncomplimentary comments on his playing reached the pitcher's ears—for which they were probably intended.

Then two men in succession took their bases on balls, which made three bases full.

At this point Phil Burns, who was considered a "crack" batsman, came to bat, and knocked a ball down against the barn. This was the longest hit ever made on that field; three men were brought home on bases, while Phil made a home-run. The game then stood four for the Dusenburys to nothing for the Lincolnvilles.

During the remainder of the inning the Dusenburys batted Chris all over the field, to the intense disgust of the Lincolnvilles, who were not allowed to change pitchers, which they would have done could they have gained the consent of their opponents. When they were finally put out by a foul fly, captured by the catcher, and two field flies, caught by Bob and the left-fielder, the score stood thirteen to nothing.

The Dusenburys trotted out into the field

with a very jubilant air; the Lincolnvilles were correspondingly depressed.

"It was a mighty lucky thing for us," Chris heard the Dusenbury catcher say, "that those fellows took it into their heads to put Wagstaff in as pitcher."

• "I don't see it," grumbled the boy to whom he spoke. "Why, there's no fun in the game; it's simply a walk-over."

Before Chris had recovered from this blow, Bob came running up, his chubby face crimson with excitement and mortification.

"See here, Chris," he began, "what's the matter with you? The fellows are all going for me because I had you put in. Why, you're ruining everything! For goodness' sake, brace up!"

"I guess things will go better in the next inning," responded Chris, with a sickly smile. "I'm sure they will."

At first they did. Eight runs were scored before it came Chris's turn at bat, when he promptly struck out. The man who followed him sent a hot grounder into the left field, making a beautiful base hit; after which, by skilful base-running, he stole his way around, getting in another run for the Lincolnvilles. The next man succeeded in getting to third base, where he was caught by a tricky play between the baseman and the pitcher, and walked down to the bench with an air of angry disgust. The next player was stopped at first, which sent the Lincolnvilles into the field again.

"See here, Wagstaff," shouted the captain, as Chris advanced toward the pitcher's box, "you can take the right field. We've had enough of your pitching for a while."

As Chris walked away in deep humiliation, he heard Bob appointed pitcher. This added to his nervousness, and in his new position he muffed two easy flies; and the Dusenbury boys scored eleven more runs on that inning.

Chris's ill luck continued; and at the end of the sixth inning the Dusenburys were eighteen ahead.

At this juncture Chris walked up to Sam Reid and said shortly:

"I want leave of absence for a few minutes."

"What for?" asked the captain.

"I — it's time for me to take my medicine."

"Well, I guess you need it," said Sam, pointedly. "Go ahead, but get back in time to take your place as fourth striker. We'll have to go right on."

It was time for Chris to take his medicine, but it was not for that purpose that he ran back to the house.

"I'll show them!" he muttered fiercely as he ascended to his room. "Those Dusenbury fellows will be laughing out of the other side of their mouths before the next inning is over."

He unlocked his valise and took out the lamp and rubbed it; instantly Pulsifer Jukes stood before him, a broad grin on his face.

"I've been expecting you to call me for the last hour," he said. "Really, I don't know when I've laughed so much."

"You've seen the game, have you?" asked Chris, trying to assume a careless air.

"Yes," giggled the genie, "I had the curiosity to be on hand. Such playing! He! he! he! Say, did you ever see a game of base-ball before? Honest, now!"

"Between you and Bob and the rest of them," returned the boy hotly, "I was so rattled that I could n't play at all."

"That's right, blame me!" shrieked the genie. "Why don't you say it was all my fault? See here, what do you want this time?"

"I want you to change yourself into my double and play the game for me."

"Enough said!" And the genie rushed from the room.

From his window, Chris saw his representative take his place to strike. The three men preceding him had all made base hits, and the bases were full. The genie's appearance was greeted by a despairing groan from the Lincolnvilles, and one boy said:

"If we only had a batter like Phil Burns he would bring in these three men; but there's no show now."

The first ball was an easy one, but the genie missed it by at least a foot; at which a Dusenbury boy called out, "He has holes in his bat!" and every one laughed, though the manifestations of mirth on the part of the Lincolnvilles were by no means as boisterous as those in which the Dusenburys saw fit to indulge.

When the genie failed to hit the second ball, Chris murmured despairingly:

"He can build palaces, but he can't play ball for sour apples. I might have known — By jingo!"

The genie had struck the third pitched ball such a terrific blow that the bat broke in two. Toward the barn, then over it, went the ball, every boy in the field staring at it in amazement. Phil Burns's hit was as nothing compared with it.

Down near third the Lincolnvilles coacher was shrieking frantically:

"Sprint, you snails, sprint! Gre-e-at Scott! was n't that a dandy crack!"

The attention of the spectators was almost diverted from the three men already on bases, who were running for home, by the amazing swiftness of the genie as he scudded down to first. Having arrived there, he stopped and stared about him, an expression of perplexity upon his face, as if looking for the ball.

In his excitement at this singular conduct on the part of his representative, Chris entirely forgot himself, and yelled, "What's the matter with you? Run!" But luckily the tumult on the diamond was so great that no one heard him.

"What on earth ails you, Wagstaff?" shouted the captain. "Have you gone to sleep there?"

By this time the boy who had been on first when the strike was made reached third, and started for the home-plate, the other two having already scored.

The genie now apparently roused himself, and resumed his run at the same rate of speed that had so astonished the boys when he was on his way to first. He crossed second base like an express train, whizzed down to third like a flash; and in another second, after nearly running over the man ahead of him, landed on the home-plate, having first turned a complete double somersault.

He did not appear to be in the least out of breath as he cried:

"Score Wagstaff!"

A scene of frenzied enthusiasm in the ranks of the Lincolnvilles followed; the Dusenburys seemed paralyzed with astonishment and dismay.

Bob rushed up to the genie and shook his hand violently, saying:

"You must n't mind what I said a while ago, Chris—I was excited. Why, I never saw anything like that run in my life."

"Oh, that was nothing!" replied the genie, carelessly. "You'll see queerer things than that if you stay right here and keep your eye on me. As for what you said, I don't remember anything about it, and it would n't make any difference to me if I did."

"It's awful good of you to say that," murmured Bob, gratefully.

A new ball was now put into play, a small boy having been despatched in search of the other one.

The genie's feat seemed to have put new life into the Lincolnvilles; every man played, as Bob put it, "for all he was worth." At the end of the first half of the seventh inning, the home club had scored fourteen more runs, the genie having made another astonishing home-run.

The Lincolnvilles now felt that they had a reasonable chance of success; the Dusenburys agreed with them, and were evidently losing heart.

"You're a queer fellow, Chris Wagstaff," said Sam Reid to the genie. "Why did n't you show what you could do before?"

"That's all right," responded the playful spirit, with a knowing wink. "There's more to this business than you have any idea of, my friend. Do you want to put me back as pitcher?"

This was exactly what the captain had intended to do, and he replied:

"I suppose I may as well."

"You could n't do better," the smiling genie replied, and he took his place in the pitcher's box.

As Phil Burns came to bat, the captain of the Dusenburys said to him: "Now go ahead and show what's in you, old man!" and Phil replied with a confident smile, "Don't worry! I'll knock Chris Wagstaff all over the field."

As the first ball left the genie's hand, it looked very wild; observing which, Phil decided that it must pass at least three feet beyond the plate. So he stood with his bat over his shoulder expecting the umpire to call a ball.

But to his amazement, the ball gave a sudden twist through the air and passed exactly over the plate.

"Strike one!" called the umpire.

"How did Chris ever get on to *that*!" muttered the batter. "Well, no matter. I'll knock the cover off it next time."

The next ball seemed an easy one, being apparently just where Phil wanted it, and he struck at it with tremendous energy, expecting to put it down against the barn at least. But it seemed to dodge round the end of his bat, and curved into the catcher's hands.

"Strike two!" announced the umpire, while Phil dropped his bat in amazement.

A murmur of applause rose from the Lincolnvilles, but was quickly suppressed by a gesture from the captain.

His face rather pale, Phil picked up the bat, but he could not regain his confidence. The next ball started as well as its predecessor had done; but as the batter struck at it, it seemed to jump at least two feet in the air, and was missed by Phil, though easily captured by the catcher.

"Strike three—striker out!" promptly shouted the umpire.

As Phil walked away, his face expressing all the mortification he felt, Bob Green shouted to the captain, who was playing first:

"Did n't I tell you Chris could do it? Are you sorry you took him now?"

The rest of the Lincolnville Club were quite as delighted as was Bob; if the supposed Chris kept on as he had begun, their triumph seemed assured.

Phil's successor at the bat, who was at best an inferior player, was so completely demoralized by what he had just witnessed that he allowed two good balls to pass without striking at them, and then lunged furiously at one which he could not by any possibility have touched.

As he heard the familiar "plunk" of the ball as it struck the catcher's gloved hands, and the shrill voice of the umpire pronouncing him "out," he dashed the bat to the ground and made room for the next striker, who, though considered strong in his batting, also failed to touch the ball.

As the genie sauntered toward the home-

plate, a complacent smile on his face, little Bob turned a handspring and screamed:

"A whitewash! *We're* all right, boys!"

The Dusenburys entered the field this time with very long faces; while the Lincolnvilles came up to the bench in a sprightly manner that was in marked contrast to their demeanor of a short time before.

The eighth inning was, from start to finish, a triumph for the home club, which succeeded in obtaining eleven runs, the genie maintaining his — or, rather, Chris's — reputation, making two more home-runs, easy ones, this time. The Dusenburys finally succeeded in getting the Lincolnvilles out, but the genie's pitching was as wonderful as at first, for he struck out three men in rapid succession, placing another whitewash on the visitors. The Lincolnvilles were now seven ahead.

From his station at the window, Chris saw the Lincolnville boys crowding around the genie, and it must be confessed that he felt a little envious.

"He played mighty well, there's no mistake about that," he muttered; "but why could n't I have done it? I can, another time. I don't like the idea of taking credit for what I have n't done, either. I believe I'll go down and finish the game. The Dusenburys can't possibly win now."

As the Lincolnvilles gathered near the bench, Chris seized the lamp and rubbed it. Instantly the genie stood before his master.

"What do you want?" he asked excitedly, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "I can't stop to fool with you now. Out with it."

"I sha'n't need you any more this afternoon," said Chris. "I'm going down to play the last inning myself."

"You're *what*?" shrieked the genie, turning almost purple. "Are you crazy? Why, see here, I've got things fixed now so that the Lincolnvilles are sure to win the game, but you'll —"

"That'll do! Disappear!" interrupted Chris.

The next moment he was alone.



"THIS TIME HE LOOKED LIKE A COMPOSITE LION AND UNICORN, WITH A SLIGHT SUGGESTION OF WAR-HORSE." (SEE PAGE 548.)

"Where have you been?" asked the captain of the Lincolnvilles as Chris hurried down to the diamond, comprehending that the game had been going on during his interview with the genie. "Been to take another dose of medicine? We want you on hand all the

time; you're our mascot. Why, since you've been gone two men have been put out."

"I'm all ready for business now," replied Chris. "When do I come to bat?"

But Chris performed no such feat; he had become so nervous that he pitched four "balls" in succession, giving the next man his base.

At this the Dusenburys brightened up still



"HE LANDED ON THE HOME-PLATE, HAVING FIRST TURNED A COMPLETE DOUBLE SOMERSAULT." (SEE PAGE 551.)

"Oh, it won't be your turn for some time yet," answered Sam.

As it happened, Chris's turn did not come at all, for the third batsman struck out as promptly as his predecessors.

Having whitewashed their opponents, the Dusenburys came in from the field feeling that if Chris's pitching did not prove too much for them, they still had a slight chance of winning.

The "mascot" went into the box with a good deal of confidence in his ability to do some extraordinary playing. But this feeling was soon dispelled; for the first man at bat knocked a long fly that passed over the center-fielder's head, and he reached third before the ball was restored to the diamond.

At this the Lincolnilles looked rather startled; but Bob confidently asserted:

"That's all right; it was nothing but an accident. Watch him paralyze the next man!"

more, and the next man sent an elusive grounder skipping past the short-stop; and, amid great excitement, two men scored, which brought the Lincolnville lead down to five.

Then, although the next batsman successfully "pounded" the ball, it proved an easy fly, and was gathered in by an outfielder.

But in spite of this slight encouragement to the Lincolnilles, Chris continued to pitch badly, and the Dusenburys filled the bases.

The excitement was now at a white heat. At this critical point it was Phil Burns's turn to strike.

"Now, then," implored Nat Marston, "bring in those men. You can do it if you only think so. The barn is in the same place it was before!"

Chris set his teeth, muttering:

"He sha'n't send it down to the barn *this* time."

Nor did he; but he hit the very first ball, and sent it soaring to the furthest limit of the left field, which had been left open.

The coacher literally howled himself hoarse as the runners tore around the bases and came to the plate in rapid succession, Phil closing with a home-run. The Dusenburys' chance of capturing the honors now seemed very bright; for they had only one man out, and it was necessary for them to make but one run to tie and two to beat.

"We've got 'em now, boys!" shrieked the Dusenbury captain. "We'll take 'em into camp, sure as fate!"

The Lincolnville boys were filled with consternation; and Sam Reid asked the umpire to call "time," which favor was granted. Then he walked up close to Chris, and said in a low tone and in a wrathful, threatening manner:

"See here, Wagstaff, you're 'throwing' this game. If we lose, we shall know whom to blame."

And then, without stopping to listen to Chris's indignant expostulation, he returned to his place, and signaled to the umpire that he was ready to continue the game.

Poor Chris's brain was in a whirl, and he so far forgot himself as to toss in a ball. This, however, proved the best thing that could have happened; for it was quite unexpected,

and the batsman sent up a foul fly, which was secured by the catcher.

"Two men out!" murmured Chris. "Now if

I can only catch the next fellow, I'll save the game after all."

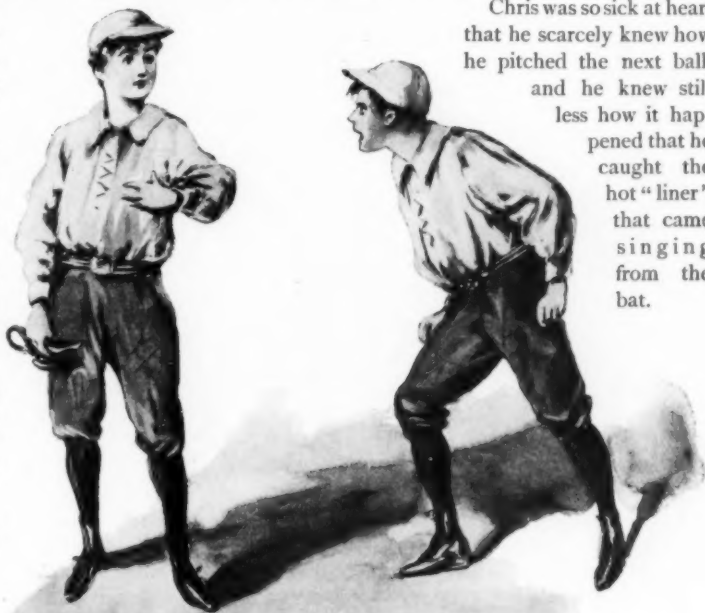
But the "next fellow" went to first on balls, reached second on a "pass," stole third, and came home on a "liner" muffed by Chris.

This muff and a wild throw to first allowed the striker to get down to second.

The score was now a tie. If the man on second could reach home, the Dusenburys would be victorious.

Both clubs were now literally breathless with suspense. As the Dusenburys were playing on a "broken leg," the coacher instructed the runner to take every chance; following which advice, he succeeded in sneaking to third. The batter brought him home, and the Lincolnvilles were beaten.

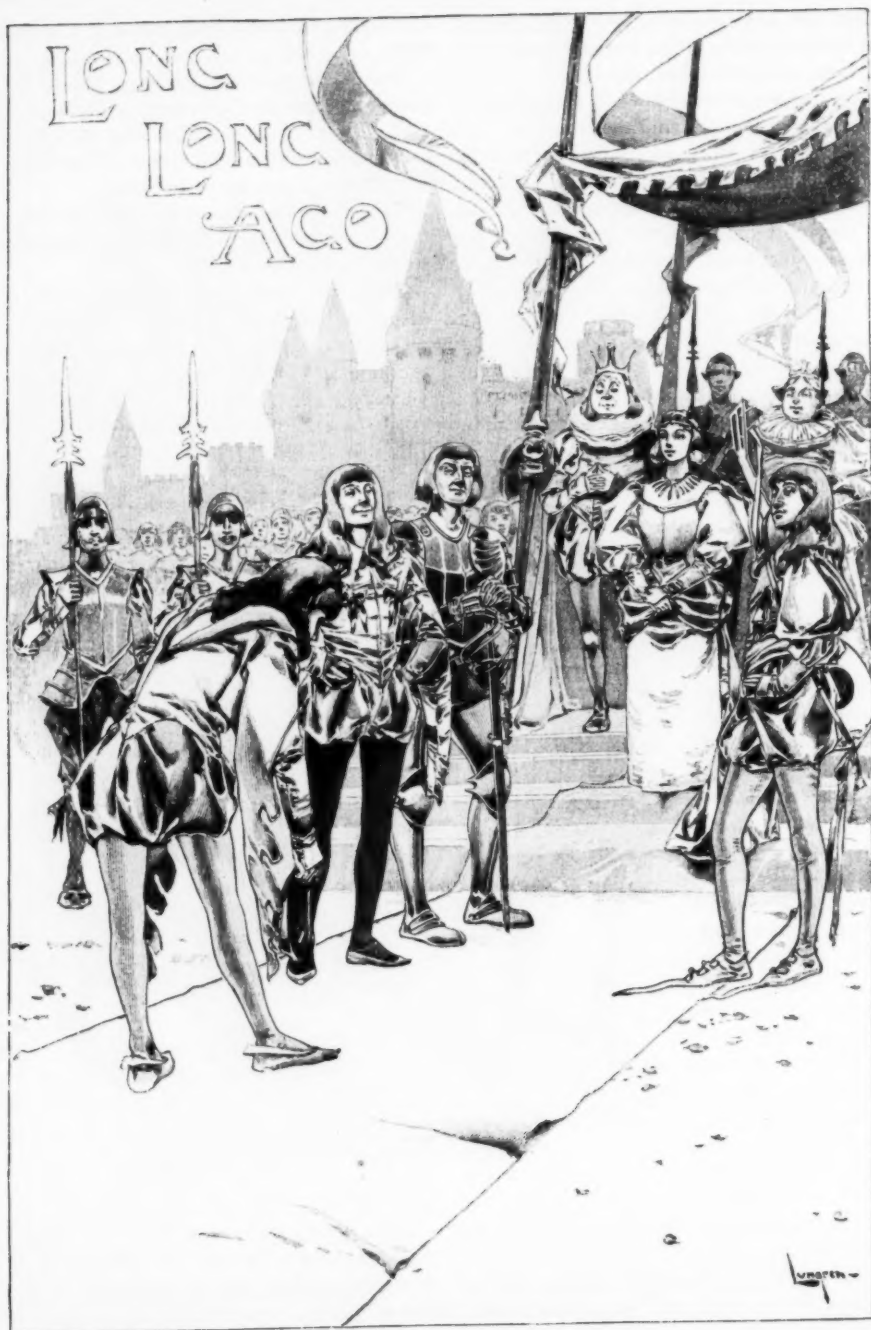
Chris was so sick at heart that he scarcely knew how he pitched the next ball, and he knew still less how it happened that he caught the hot "liner" that came singing from the bat.



"'YOU'RE WHAT?' SHRIEKED THE GENIE." (SEE PAGE 553.)

Thus ended, in favor of the Dusenburys, the most remarkable game ever played on that field—or perhaps on any other.

(To be continued.)



LONG, LONG AGO.

(A Story in Rhyme.)

BY TUDOR JENKS.

ONCE on a time, long, long ago
(To-day things do not happen so),
There lived a King and a noble Queen
And the fairest Princess ever seen.
She was fair, and she was stately,
And both her parents loved her greatly.
They gave her necklaces and rings,
Toys and candies, and lots of things —
Everything her heart could wish,
To a big glass globe of golden fish,
And a lovely golden thimble, too,
In an elegant case of ormolu.
Now, every Prince in that lovely land
Sought to win her shapely hand.
Some were poor, and some had money;
Some were dull, and some were funny;
Some were brave as Julius Caesar,
Some were not — but none could please her.

At length the King said, "You must marry:

Indeed, you should not longer tarry.
I'm getting old, my hair is gray,
I may resign, now, any day;
I don't like you to reign alone —
Some worthy Prince should share your throne.
So choose whatever Prince you may
In any manner, form, or way.
Whate'er you wish, it shall be done;
But fix your choice, my love, on one."
The Queen, too, in her dulcet voice
Remarked: "Indeed, do make a choice.
Propose, then, some ingenious plan
By which we may select the man.
For Princesses, the single state
Is altogether out of date."

The Princess sighed. Said she, "Papa,
I wish to please you and mama.
But really, I would like some hints
To know how best to choose a Prince.
I'd like to have one rather tall —
A king, I'm sure, should not be small —
And not too dark, but not too fair;
No dandy, but one dressed with care;

A man as wise as he can be,
But not too wise for foolish me;
A man who writes a sparkling letter,
And if he dances, all the better;
A warrior, if he draws his sword,
A monarch worthily adored —
In short, I'd have a perfect man,
Or one as near that as I can."

The Queen looked vexed. The father
smiled.

"Quite right," he said, "my darling child!
Aim high, and do your best, my dear;
But I have looked for many a year



THE MAN OF MIGHT.

To find within the whole world wide
A Prince who's worthy such a bride:

And all in vain. But I will do
 Whatever you can wish me to.
 Some men are wise, and some are bright,
 And some in war do most delight;
 While others love the peaceful arts.
 No actor can play all the parts
 Upon the stage. But there 's a plan
 By which to find this perfect man.
 It shall be tried, and we will see
 Exactly what the end shall be.
 We 'll summon all the Princes here,
 And then we 'll prove them all, my dear,
 Until, when every Prince is tried,
 The best shall win a peerless bride!"

Full of devotion to the brim.
 What parlous feat would one not dare,
 To win a Princess sweet and fair
 Who brought as portion with her hand
 The throne of such a thriving land?

Among them was a Prince whose name
 As yet was all unknown to fame;
 He 'd learned to fight, and dance, and sing,
 But was not best at anything.
 But he had pluck, and, lacking skill,
 He never failed for want of will.
 He did his best.

First, lists were set,



"'QUITE RIGHT,' HE SAID, 'MY DARLING CHILD.'"

From far and near the Princes come
 With sound of trumpet and of drum;
 On foot, in litters, and by sea —
 But all of royal pedigree,
 All young, all gallant, all in trim,

And eagerly the warriors met.
 With lance in rest and vizor down,
 All rode to win the floral crown
 With which to deck the royal brow
 And win the royal beauty's bow.



THE FOREIGN KNIGHT.

The strongest won: a mighty Knight
Quite six feet tall, in armor bright.

The Prince not best at anything
Fell early in the jousting-ring
Without a word.

Then songs were sung,
And on the breezes sweet notes rung.
The mighty Knight did not appear:
For music he had not an ear—
A stripling clever won the prize,
And blushed beneath the lady's eyes.

The Prince not best at anything
Had even dared to play and sing,
But could not win.

Then came the chance
For those who 'd learned to skip and dance.
In whirls and mazes round they went
Within a lofty dancing-tent;
They pirouetted, slid, and skipped,
And on the very air they tripped.
The Minstrel and the Man of Might

Were certainly nowhere in sight;
The Warrior was by far too strong—
The Minstrel cared for naught save song.

The Prince not best at anything
Essayed a sort of Highland fling,
But yielded to a foreign Knight
Who danced upon a foot as light
As thistle-down, and won the prize
Beyond a doubt.

Then each one tries
His skill at games and riddles fit
To test his nimbleness of wit.
The three prize-winners stood aside,
They did not care to risk their pride
Except where they had proved their skill.
But still strove on the Prince of will.
Here, too, he failed again to win,
But stood quite ready to begin
Another task.

Then said the King:
"The reason that I strove to bring



THE MINSTREL.

Together here these Princes true,
Was that no other plan I knew
By which to find what suitor best
Would prove, when I applied the test.
Some men are good, and some are wise,
And some for skill and enterprise
Are most renowned. In all the band
Which one deserves my daughter's hand?"

Then proudly rose the warrior Knight:
"I am the winner in the fight.
Give her to me. It is my right."

The Minstrel spoke: "The wreath was mine
For minstrelsy. I must decline
To yield my claim. You can but shine
In warfare's arts, and there alone!"

The Dancer spoke in milder tone:
"What is a Prince if lacking grace?
Let War and Song take lower place;
Grace wins the bride of kingly race!"
And all pressed forward, claims to bring,
Save one not best at anything.

Then spake the Princess, very low,
Unto the King: "I did not know—
I cannot dance, nor fight, nor sing.
I am not best at anything.
I fear these others all would be
By far too wise or brave for me!
Pray let them go; and give my ring
To him not best at anything.
Let them each glory in his art,
The Prince who dared has won my
heart!"

And so the one who gained the
bride

Was he who every contest tried.
Who did not under trial quail
But dared to enter, strive, and—fail!
He did his best at everything,
And proved a really model King.

To-day it might not turn out so—
All this was—oh, long, long ago!



THE ONE WHO GAINED THE BRIDE.

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

[*Began in the April number, 1894.*]

CHAPTER XL.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

As the boat swept into the great lift and fall of the ocean swell, Dred leaned forward and rested his forehead upon the tiller, which he still held. His body shook and heaved, and Jack sat like one turned to stone. The thought went through his mind, "He is dying! Will he die as he sits there? Can it really be that he is dying?" Then Dred looked up, and his face was as white as ashes. Great beads of sweat stood on his forehead. "Some water," he said hoarsely. "Give me some water, lad."

Miss Eleanor Parker still lay in the bottom of the boat where she had been sheltered. Jack went forward blindly across the thwarts, and brought out a cup of water. His hand shook and trembled; his eyes saw, but did not see what he was doing. His throat was constricted as though it would choke him. Then he came back with the cup of water; it slopped and spilled over his hand. Suddenly Miss Eleanor Parker shrieked. She had aroused; in her first glance she had seen the blood. "Oh, what is it?" she cried. Dred had raised himself again from the tiller, upon which he had been leaning. He groaned. Jack pushed past the young lady, without speaking to her or noticing her. Dred reached out his hand as Jack gave him the cup of water. It shook, and part of the water spilled as Dred put it to his lips and, throwing back his haggard face, drank it off. The young lady was sitting staring at him, white even to the very lips. "Oh, oh!" she said, wringing her hands. "Oh, oh!" Jack panted; his breath came hot in his dry mouth. He tried to moisten his lips again and again, but they remained dry.

The yawl, its course unheeded, had come up into the wind. It rose and fell with the slow

heaving of the ground-swell, the sail fluttering and flapping. Dred leaned with one elbow upon the seat beside him. "Ye 'll have to go up for'ard, Mistress," he said presently, in a hoarse voice, "till I tie this place up." She got up and went forward to the bow, where she crouched down, hiding her face in her hands. She remained there a long time, until at last she heard Jack say:

"'T is all right, Mistress. You can come back here again now."

He supported Dred as the wounded man lay down upon the bench; then he covered him over with the overcoats. He did not leave Dred to help the young lady as she came aft. She sat down upon the bench opposite to where Dred lay. She looked at him, and then suddenly burst out crying. Dred lay with his eyes closed. His face was white, and his forehead covered with a dew of sweat. He opened his eyes for a moment and looked at her, but said nothing, and closed them again. Jack, his breast heaving and choking, sat at the tiller. He drew in the sheets, and the yawl once more came up to its course.

The pirates must have landed from the sloop, for they had come out across the land and down to the beach. They fired a few musket-shots after the boat, but the bullets went wide of the mark; and presently, as Jack held the yawl to her course, they were out of gunshot. Dred lay motionless, his head upon his arm. He had begun every now and then to sigh recurrently. He opened his eyes and looked at Jack and then at the sail. The young lady was sobbing and crying; and Jack, as he looked at Dred, felt the tears running down his own cheeks.

They sailed on and on, the boat with its tragic freight, under the bright, warm, mellow light and the sweep of the wind. Jack wondered how the sun could shine so brightly, and

the air be so sweet and fresh. "I want another drink of water," said Dred, hoarsely.

"Will you get the water for him, Mistress?" said Jack.

She wiped her eyes with her handkerchief, and went forward to the barraca in the bows, presently coming back with a brimming cup of water. Dred raised himself upon his elbow, and drank it off. Then he lay down again as he was before. For a long time he lay there with his eyes closed. Again they sailed a long distance. Presently he opened his eyes. "You've got to run ashore, lad," he said in a low, uncertain voice. "I can't stand this any more; I've got to get ashore."

"Can I get through the breakers?" said Jack chokingly.

"Ye 'll have to," said Dred; "for I can't bear it here." Jack drew in the sheet and brought up the boat with its bow diagonally toward the shore. The sand-hills of the inlet were lost in the distance. All danger of pursuit was over. As the yawl drew nearer to the beach, Jack could see that very little surf was running. "You 'll have to bring her around with her bows to the sea," said Dred, opening his eyes; "and then take to the oars and let the surf drive her in to the beach. Try to keep her off, lad; keep her bows steady." He panted as he spoke.

Jack left the tiller and shipped the oars. They were now close to the beach, and the ground-swell was sharpening to the breakers that broke a little further in. He brought the bows of the boat around to the sea, and then backed water toward the shore. "Keep her off," panted Dred; "she 'll go in fast enough of herself."

Presently they were among the breakers; these were not very heavy, but enough to make it necessary to be careful. Suddenly a coming breaker shot the yawl toward the beach. As the water ebbed, the boat tilted upon the sand. Jack dropped his oars and leaped out. The sweep of the next wave struck against the yawl and tilted it violently the other way. The barraca and the oars slid rattling. Dred groaned, and the young lady grasped convulsively at the rail.

Jack held to the bows, and when the next

wave came he pulled the boat around up on the beach. The wash of the breaker ebbed, the sand sliding from under his heels. Then came another wave, and with its wash he dragged the yawl still further up the beach. He ran up with the bow-line and drove the anchor into the sand. He came back, his shoes and stockings and loose breeches wet with the salt water. "You get out, Mistress," said he; "then I 'll help Dred." She obeyed him silently. She went up a little distance from the shore, and sat crouching down upon the sand. "Now, Dred," said Jack. Dred groaned as he arose slowly and laboriously. "Easy, easy, lad," said he, as Jack slipped his arm around him. He laid his arm over Jack's shoulder, and heavily and painfully clambered out of the boat. He sat for a while upon the rail; the wash of a breaker swept up around his feet and ankles. "What a lucky thing 't was," said he, looking down at the thin sweep of water, "that we had high tide to carry us through the inlet, else we 'd 'a' been lost." He steadied himself. Then he rose, leaning heavily upon Jack. Jack supported him as he walked up to a little bank of sand upon the beach. He made an effort as though to sit down.

"Can't you go a little further?" said Jack.

"Not much further," he whispered.

"Oh, Dred," said Jack, "I 'm afraid you 're worse—I 'm afraid you 're worse!" Dred did not reply. His hand touched Jack's cheek. It felt cold and limp.

"What can I do?" asked the young lady, rousing herself.

"Why," said Jack, "fetch up what wraps there are, and the overcoats, and be quick."

He seated Dred upon the sand. Dred sank down, and lay at length. Jack supported his head until the young lady came with a great heap of clothes. Then Jack made a pillow of one of the overcoats, and with some of the clothes from the young lady's bundle they made a shelter for Dred's face.

"Bring me a drink of rum, lad; I feel sort of faint-like," said Dred. Jack ran off down to the boat, and presently came back with the bottle. He poured out some of it into the cup, and Dred drank it off. It seemed to revive him. "Come here, lad; there 's summat I want

to say to ye." Jack came close to him, and the young lady also approached. "I want to speak to Jack alone, Mistress, if you'll leave us alone a bit," said Dred. She turned and walked away.

Jack watched her as she sat down upon the sand some distance away, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. The sun stood midway in the heavens, and it was very warm. Jack stripped off his coat and sat down alongside Dred. Dred reached out his hand. Jack hesitated for a moment; then, seeing what Dred wanted, took it. Dred pressed Jack's hand. "I believe I've got my—dose this time, lad," he whispered.

"Don't say that, Dred," said Jack. "I—" and then he broke down, his body shaking convulsively.

"I don't know," said Dred. "I kind of think—I won't get over this. But if I should die,—I want to ax you, lad,—don't you ever tell the young Mistress 't was I that shot her brother."

"No, I won't," gasped Jack; "I won't tell her, Dred."

Dred pressed the hand he held. "There's another thing—I want to tell ye, lad," said he; "and that's about that there money—as we took out of that there Virginia bark when—I shot the young gentleman. 'T was true, as I have told you, that—'t was buried; but 't were n't true that I helped the Captain bury it. He buried it hisself one night; but I follyed him, and I see where he buried it. He did n't know that—" Dred stopped for a moment, as though to gather his strength—"it belong to Colonel Parker. It do. It was buried—just as we got it off the bark." Again he stopped, panting. "Well, one thing I wanted to stay there for, Jack, was to get a chance to—raise that there money that we stole. But I did n't say naught; for I knew where 't were hid. Well, I've stole money and things in my life—and I've been a bad man, I have. Well, lad, I can't help that now; 't is all over and done."

He stopped again. Jack waited a long time. "You were telling me about the money," said he at last—"the money that you saw Blackbeard hide."

"Oh, ay!" said Dred, rousing himself with an effort. "I'd nigh—forgot about—that—ay, the money. Well, lad,—d' ye remember—that tree—where—we found the—young lady the day—she tried to run away? D' ye think ye could find it again?"

"I think I could," said Jack.

"Well, up a little bit to the west o'—that tree—there be a cypress,—some'eres half grown. Ye'll have to look about a bit—to find it. Ye'll find a nail—driv into it. I see Blackbeard drive that nail—into it—that—night he buried the chist. 'T is not much to know it by—but if Blackbeard ha'n't gone—and dug up that money,—which I don't believe he has,—it be there yet."

"Which side of the tree is the nail on?" said Jack.

Dred did not answer for a while. "'T is on the swamp side," said he. Then he lapsed away into silence. He loosened his hold upon Jack's hand, and let his own fall.

Jack recognized suddenly, with a thrill, that Dred was a great deal worse than he had been. He had been growing gradually weaker and weaker, but Jack noticed it only now. Jack sat watching; Dred seemed to be drowsing. "I want another drink of rum," said he, presently; "I feel weak again."

Jack got up. The bottle and cup were at a little distance. The cup had sand in it, and he wiped it out. The young lady was sitting a little distance away. She arose. "Is he any better now?" she asked.

Jack could not answer. He shook his head. He knew that Dred was going to die. He was so blinded that he could hardly see to pour out the liquor. He brought it to Dred. "Here 't is, Dred," said he; but there was no reply. "Here 't is, Dred," said Jack again; but still there was no answer.

Jack thrilled dreadfully. He bent down and set the cup to the wounded man's lips, but Dred was unconscious of everything. Jack stood up and tossed out the liquor upon the sand. "Mistress!" he called out in a keen, startled voice—"Mistress, come here! I do believe he's dying!"

She came over and stood looking down at Dred. She was crying violently. Jack sat

squatting beside him. He reached out and picked up Dred's hand, but it was very cold and inert. The young lady sat down upon the other side. They sat there for a long, long time, but there did not seem to be any change. The afternoon slowly waned. It was nearing sunset. "You 'd better go and rest a bit," said Jack at last to the young lady; "you 're worn out with it all. I 'll call you if there 's any change."

She shook her head; she would not go.

The sun sank lower and lower, and at last set; but still there was no change. The young lady moved restlessly now and then. "You 'd better get up and walk a bit," said Jack, as the gray of twilight began to settle upon them. "You 're cramped sitting there so long." Then she got up, and walked up and down at a little distance. Jack sat still. The twilight settled more and more dim and obscure. There was a slight movement. Jack leaned over and touched Dred. He drew back his hand quickly, and sat for a moment dumb and inert. He knew in an instant that the end had come.

Jack arose.

The stars had begun to twinkle in the dim sky, but sky and sea and earth were blurred and lost to his flooded eyes. He walked over toward the young lady. She stopped as he approached. "How is he?" said she.

"He 's—he 's dead!" said Jack; and then he put his arm across his face and began crying.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE NEXT DAY.

JACK was awakened at the first dawn of day by the sea-gulls above him. They mingled for a little while with his dreams before he fairly awoke. He was standing up. The sun was shining. There was the beach and the sandy distance. Dred came walking toward him up from the boat. A great sudden rush of joy filled Jack's heart. "Why, Dred," he cried, "I thought you were dead!" Dred burst out laughing. "I was only fooling you, lad," said he. "I were n't hurt at all."

Jack opened his eyes. The sun had not yet risen. He was full of the echo of joy, believing that Dred was alive, after all. He stood up.

The motionless figure was lying in the distance, just as he had left it the night before.

But, after all, Dred might not be dead, and there might be some truth in his dream. He might have been mistaken last night. Perhaps Dred was still alive.

He went over to where the silent figure lay, and looked down into the strange, still face, upon the stiff, motionless hands. Yes; Dred was dead. As Jack stood looking, he choked and choked, and one hot tear and then another trickled down either cheek.

Then he began to think. What was he to do now? Something must be done, and he must do it himself. He must not ask the young lady to help him. She had not yet awakened, and Jack was glad of it. He went down to the boat. There was nothing there that he could use. He walked off some distance along the beach, hunting for something. He saw something in the distance. It was a barrel that had, perhaps, been cast up by a storm, and now lay high and dry upon the warm, powdered sand which had drifted around it, nearly covering it. He kicked the barrel to pieces with his heel, and pulled up two of the staves from the deeper layer of damp sand beneath. He had walked some distance away. He went back to where the still figure lay motionless in the distance.

* * * * *

He was trembling when he ended his task. Suddenly, while he was still kneeling in the sand, the sun rose, throwing its level beams of light across the stretch of sand, now broken and trampled where he had been at work. He smoothed over the work he had made. The damper particles stuck to his hands and clothes; he brushed them off. Then he took down the shelter that he and she had built up over Dred's head the day before. He carried the oars and the young lady's clothes down to the boat. Then he came back and carried down the overcoats.

By that time she was awake. Jack went straight up to her. She was looking around her.

"Where is he?" she said.

Jack did not reply, but he turned his face in the direction. She saw where the smooth sur-

face of the sand had been broken and disturbed, and she understood. She hid her face in her hands, and stood for a moment. Jack stood silently beside her. "Oh," she said, "I was dreaming it was not so."

"So was I," said Jack, brokenly. Again he felt a tear start down his cheek.

"It did not seem to me as if it could be so," said she. "It does n't even seem now as though it were so. It was all so dreadful. It does n't seem as though it could have happened."

"Well," said Jack, "we 'll have to have something to eat, and then we 'll start on again." The thought of eating in the very shadow of the tragedy that had happened seemed very grotesque. He felt somehow ashamed to speak of it.

"Eat!" said she. "I do not want to eat anything."

"We 'll have to eat something," said Jack; "we can't do without that."

The task of pushing the yawl off into the water was almost more than Jack could accomplish. For a while he thought they would have to wait there till high tide in the afternoon. But at last, by digging out the sand from under the boat, he managed to get it off into the water. "I 'll have to carry you aboard, Mistress," said he.

He stooped and picked her up, and walked with her, splashing through the shallow sheet of water that ran up with each spent breaker upon the shining sand. He placed her in the boat, and then pushed it off. The breakers were not high, but they gave the boat a splash as Jack pulled out through them.

Jack rowed out some distance from the shore. She sat silently watching him. Then he unshipped the oars and went forward and raised the sail. By this time the morning was well advanced. The breeze had not yet risen, but cat's-paws began to ruffle the smooth face of the water. Then, by and by, came a gentle puff of breeze that filled out the sail and swung the boom out over the water. Jack drew in the sheet, and the boat slid forward with a gurgle of water under the bows. By that time the breeze had begun blowing very lightly and gently.

They had sailed on for a long distance without speaking. They sat motionless, he sunk in his thoughts, and she in hers. Jack was trying to realize all that had happened the day before, but he could not do so. It all seemed to loom big and dreadful, but there was nothing sharp and distinct in its outlines. It did not seem to be real. How was it possible for him to pass through such things, and for them not to be more real to him? It seemed as though it might have happened to some one else. The young lady sat looking steadily out ahead. What was she thinking of? Of Virginia, perhaps. Yes; that must be it. And he was going back to Virginia, too; he would soon be there now—in a few hours, perhaps. How strange that he should be going back there—the very place from which he had escaped two months before! Was there ever anybody who had so many adventures happen to him in two months as he? He remembered how he had run away; how he had rowed across the river the night of his escape; how he had come so strangely face to face with Dred on the wharf at Bullock's Landing. Except for that chance meeting, Dred would have been living yet. How little they had thought of the chain of events that was to bring death to him! Dred was alive then, and well, and enjoying himself. Now he was dead. Then Jack remembered how he had reached out the evening before, and had lifted Dred's senseless hand. There seemed to him something infinitely pathetic in the stillness and inertness of that unfeeling hand.

"Do you know," said the young lady, suddenly breaking the silence, "it does not seem possible that I am really to see my father again, and maybe so soon? I'm trying to feel as though it were so, but I can't. It does n't seem as though it could be so—as though I could really ever get back to Virginia. I wonder what they will all say and do? Oh, it seems as though I could n't wait any longer! I wonder how much further 't is to the bay?"

"Why, I don't know," said Jack; "but it can't be much further. I've been thinking that those sand-hills on ahead must be Cape Henry. I only saw it in the evening, when I was on Blackbeard's sloop, the time we were

bringing you down to Bath Town; but the hills look to me like Cape Henry. And, do you see, the coast runs inward there? I can't tell whether 't is the coast making in a little there, or whether 't is the bay."

"My father will never forget what you 've done," said she, looking straight at him.

"Will he not?" said Jack.

"He will never forget it."

Her words brought a sudden rush of delight to Jack. He suddenly realized what a great thing it was he had done. He had brought her safe off from the pirates—through the very jaws of death! Yes; it was a great thing to have done. Yes; Colonel Parker would certainly do much for him now. Indeed, what would he not do? As he realized it all, the future became very bright. It seemed to throw back a brighter light upon all those dreadful things that had passed, and they became suddenly new. They were steps that he had been climbing all unconsciously to some great success.

"Do you know, you have never told me how you came to be kidnapped?" said she. "I wish you would tell me all about it."

"Would you like to hear about it?" said Jack. "Why, then, I 'll tell you, if you 'd really like to hear about it."

And Jack told his adventures from the beginning.

It was late in the afternoon when the light wind carried them slowly in around the high sand-hills of the cape. Then they saw that there were several sails in sight. One of them, far away,—apparently a schooner,—was coming down the bay as though to run out around the cape to the southward.

"See that boat?" said the young lady. "It is coming this way. Don't you believe we could stop it, and get the captain to take us back to Virginia?"

"I don't know," said Jack; "'t is like she won't stop for me, but I 'll try if you 'd like me to."

He altered the course of the yawl so as to run up across the course upon which the distant vessel seemed to be sailing. They watched her in silence as slowly, little by little, in the light wind, she came nearer and nearer. "I ought to have something to wave," said Jack, "to

make her see us. I don't believe she 'll stop for us," he added.

"Why not my red scarf?" said the young lady. "Stop! I 'll get it for you."

She handed the bright red scarf to Jack, who tied it to the end of an oar. The schooner was about half a mile away. Jack stood up in the boat and began waving the scarf at the end of the oar. He hallooed. As the course of the schooner was laid, she would run past them about half a mile away. "I don't believe she 'll stop for us," said Jack; "but maybe she will. Bear the tiller a little to the left. That 's as it should be. Now hold it steady and I 'll wave again." Even as he spoke the distant group of men on the schooner suddenly broke and dispersed. The next moment Jack saw that they were hauling in the fore and main sails, and that she was coming about. "She 's going to stop, after all," he said.

The schooner had gone a little past them before her sails swung over. Then she came down toward them, bow on. Jack laid down the oar, and, taking the tiller again, brought the yawl up into the wind, and lay waiting for the schooner to make her way down to them. She ran down to within thirty or forty yards, and then, coming up into the wind, lay rising and falling, swinging slowly back and forth with the regular heave of the ground-swell. She looked very near. There was a group of faces clustered forward, looking out at them across the restless water. Another little group of three men and a woman stood at the open gangway. A large, rough man, with a red face prickled over with a stubby beard, hailed them. He wore baggy breeches tied at the knees, and a greasy red waistcoat. "Boat ahoy!" he called out. "What boat is that?"

Jack was standing up in the yawl. "We 've come up from North Carolina," he called back. "We 've just escaped from the pirates."

"Is that Miss Eleanor Parker?" called the other instantly.

"Ay," said Jack. Then he added, "The young lady asked me to stop you and to ask you if you would take us up, say to Norfolk or to Yorktown."

"Tell him papa will pay him if he will," said she.

"She says her father will pay you well if you 'll do so," called Jack.

The three men at the gangway talked together for a moment or two; then the big, stout man, who was evidently the captain of the schooner, called out again: "Colonel Parker 's at Norfolk now, or leastwise he was there this morning when we left. You can reach there yourself to-night, if the wind holds at all."

"Oh, don't let him go!" said the young lady to Jack. "Tell him how eager I am to get back, and that papa will pay him."

"The young lady says she wants to get back as soon as she can," called Jack. "She says if you take us up to Norfolk she 'll see that her father pays you."

Again the group at the gangway spoke together. Then the captain of the schooner called out:

"Bring your boat over here."

Jack seated himself, and set the oars into the rowlocks. He pulled the bow of the boat around with a few quick strokes, and then rowed toward the schooner. In a minute or so he was close alongside. The men and the woman were standing on the deck just above, looking down at him. The six or eight men of the crew were also standing at the rail, looking at them. Jack could see that the schooner carried as a cargo three or four hogsheads of tobacco and a great load of lumber. "Did you bring the young lady off from the pirates all by yourself?" said the captain to Jack. "Why, you 're a mightily young fellow to do that, if you did do it."

"I did n't bring her off my own self," said Jack; "there was one of the pirates that helped us to get away. But Blackbeard came up with us at Currituck Inlet, and before we could get away the man who helped us was shot. He died last night."

"Well, then," said the captain, "it was Blackbeard, after all, who carried off the young lady, was it?"

"Now," he continued, "as for taking you back to Norfolk, I 've been talking to my mate and Mr. Jackson here. Well, I 'm willing to take ye both back up to Norfolk if the young lady 'll guarantee that her father 'll pay me ten pounds for doing it."

"Ten pounds!" cried Jack. "Why, that is a deal of money, master, for such a little thing."

"Well, 't is the best I 'll do. It may lose me three days or more, and I won't do it for less."

"Oh, it does not matter," said the young lady to Jack, in a low voice. "I 'll promise him that papa will pay him ten pounds."

Jack felt that the captain was taking advantage of her eagerness to return; but he also saw that she would not allow him to bargain. "She says her father will pay it, master," said he; "but 't is a great deal of money to make her promise."

"'T is the best I 'll do," said the captain. "Well, then, if she 's satisfied, you may come aboard, and I 'll tow the yawl up arter us."

"Yes, I 'm satisfied," cried the young lady; "and thankful enough."

"Very well. Here, Kitchen,"—to the mate,—"help her ladyship aboard." He spoke with a sudden accession of deference.

The mate jumped down into the boat,—he was in his bare feet,—and he and Jack helped the young lady aboard. Jack followed immediately.

"Here, Molly," said the captain to the woman, who was his wife, "take her ladyship into my cabin, and make her comfortable."

"The bunk ha'n't been made up yet," said the woman.

"Well, then, make it up as quick as you can. Come into the cabin, and the steward will fetch you summat to eat. Fetch that bag aboard, Kitchen; and see the boat 's made fast astern."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Jack was standing looking around him like one in a dream. The crew and the man whom the captain called Mr. Jackson (whom Jack took to be a passenger) stood staring at them. The schooner was a common coaster. The decks were littered and dirty; the captain and the crew rough and ordinary.

"This way, Mistress," said the captain's wife, and she led the way aft, and down into the cabin. It was close and disagreeable, and smelled musty and stuffy. Jack and the young lady sat down by the table. The woman went into an inner cabin beyond. She left the door

open, and Jack from where he sat could see her making up a tumbled bed in the berth. He could also see through the open door a sea-chest, some hanging clothes, a map, and a clock. The schooner was getting under way again. Jack could hear the patter of bare feet passing across the deck overhead; the creaking of the yards; and then the ripple and gurgle of the water alongside.

"When did you leave Bath Town?" said the captain, who had followed them down into the cabin.

"On Wednesday morning early," said Jack. Now that all was over, he was feeling very dull and heavily oppressed in the reaction of the excitement that had kept him keyed up to endure. His hands, from which the skin had been rubbed by rowing, had begun to throb and burn painfully. He had not noticed the smart before. He looked at them, picking at the loose skin. "Nobody cares how my hands hurt," he thought, "now Dred is gone."

"Wednesday! Why, 't is only Sunday now. D' ye mean that ye 've sailed all the way from Bath Town in five days in that yawl boat?"

"Is this Sunday?" said Jack. "Why, so 't is." He had not thought of that before.

"How long will it take to get to Norfolk?" asked the young lady.

"Why, we ought to get there some time to-night, if we have any wind at all," said the captain.

"The berth 's made up now, if your ladyship 'd like to lie down," said the captain's wife, appearing at the door of the inner cabin.

After the young lady had gone, the captain and the man named Jackson plied Jack with questions as to all that had happened. He answered dully and inertly; he wished they would let him alone, and not tease him with questions. "I 'm tired," said he at last. "I 'd like to lie down for a while."

"I suppose you be feeling kind of used up, be n't you?" asked Jackson.

Jack nodded his head.

"Won't you have a bite to eat first?" asked the captain.

"I 'm not hungry," said Jack. "I want to rest, that 's all."

"I 'm going to let you have the mate's

cabin," said the captain. "You said I made ye pay too much for carrying ye back to Norfolk. Well, I 'm doing all I can to make ye comfortable. I give my cabin to her young ladyship, and I give the mate's cabin to you, and if you 'll only wait I 'll have a good hot supper cooked."

The mate came in, still in his bare feet. He sat down without saying anything, and stared at Jack.

"I 'm going to let him have your berth for to-night, Kitchen," said the captain.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE RETURN.

THE breeze had been very light all night, so that it was nearly daylight when the schooner came to anchor off Norfolk. The captain had come out upon deck, and he and the mate, who had a lantern hanging over his arm, stood talking together.

"I do suppose you 'd better take the boat and go find his honor Colonel Parker. His schooner was lying over yonder, where them lights be, yesterday morning." The mate took off his knit cap and held it in his hand while he scratched his head. "Anyways," said the captain, "you 'll have to go and hunt him up."

Colonel Parker's schooner was still at Norfolk, but Colonel Parker himself was not aboard. He had been less well again, and, having been to the town to see the doctor, had stopped there overnight. The mate of the coaster told Lieutenant Maynard of the young lady's return, then he went on directly to the town. Mr. Maynard, as soon as he heard the news, ordered one of the boats to be manned, and had himself rowed aboard the schooner on which the young lady was.

Colonel Parker came off from the town in the coasting-schooner's boat. The first man he met when he stepped aboard was Lieutenant Maynard. "Why, Maynard, is that you?" said Colonel Parker. Maynard had never seen him so overcome. He grasped the lieutenant's hand and wrung it and wrung it again. His fine, broad face twitched with the effort he made to suppress his emotions. "Where is she?" said

he, turning around almost blindly to Captain Dolls, who, with his mate, had been standing at a little distance, looking on. "This way, your honor," said the captain, with alacrity.

He led the way across the deck to the great cabin. Lieutenant Maynard did not accompany Colonel Parker. "She 's in my cabin here, your honor," said the captain. "I let her have my own cabin, your honor; for 't was the best aboard. Her ladyship 's asleep yet. If your honor 'll sit down here, I 'll send my wife to wake her and to help her dress."

"Never mind," said the Colonel. "Where is she?—in here?" He opened the door and went into the cabin. She was lying upon the berth, sleeping. She had only loosened her clothes when she lay down the night before. She was lying fully dressed. "Nelly!" said Colonel Parker, leaning over her,— "Nelly!" She did not stir. The door stood a little ajar. Captain Dolls, in the great cabin beyond, stood looking in. Colonel Parker did not notice him. "Nelly!" he said again,— "Nelly!" and he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

She stirred; she raised her arm; she drew the back of her hand across her eyes; she opened her eyes. They looked directly into his face. "What is it?" said she, vacantly.

Colonel Parker was crying. "'T is I—'t is thy poor father, Nelly." The tears were trickling down his cheek, but he did not notice them. Suddenly she was wide awake. "Papa! Oh, papa!" she cried, and instantly her arms were about his neck, and she was in his arms.

She cried and cried. Colonel Parker, still holding her with one arm, reached in his pocket and drew out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes and his cheeks. As he did so he caught sight of Captain Dolls looking in at them. The captain instantly moved away, and Colonel Parker closed the door.

Presently his daughter looked up into his face, her own face wet with tears. "Mama," said she,— "how is poor mama?"

"She is well—she is very well," said he. "My dear!—my dear!"

Once more she flung her arms about his neck. She pressed her lips to his again and again. She was still crying. "Oh, Papa, if you only knew what I 've been through!"

"I know—I know," said he.

"Oh, but you can't know all that I 've been through—all the dreadful, the terrible things. They shot poor Dred, and he died. And I saw them shoot him—I was in the boat—I saw him die. Oh, papa, I can't tell you all! Oh, it was so terrible! He lay on the sand and died. There was sand on the side of his face, and the young man, Jack, did not see it to brush it off, and I could not do it, and there it was."

"There! there!" said Colonel Parker, soothingly. "Don't talk about it, my dear. Tell me about other things. The sailor who came to bring me off told me there was a young lad with you when they picked you up down at the capes. Is he the young man you call Jack?"

"Yes; that is he."

"He is aboard here now, is he not?"

They talked together for a long time. She had lain down again. She held his hand. He sat upon the edge of the berth beside her. As they talked she stroked the back of his hand, and once she raised it to her lips and kissed it.

"'T was mightily kind of the good man, the captain of this vessel, to bring thee all the way back from the capes, Nell," said Colonel Parker; "'t was mightily kind."

"Oh, yes," said she; "I clean forgot to tell you. He did not want to bring us back at first, but said he would if I promised that you would pay him ten pounds."

"What!" exclaimed Colonel Parker. "Did he make you promise ten pounds before he would bring you back from the capes?"

"Yes," said she. "Did I, then, do wrong? But oh, papa! I wanted so much to get back, and I was so tired of being in the little boat, and it was so dreadful! 'T was there that poor Dred was shot, and there were marks of blood near where he sat."

"But what a rascal!" said Colonel Parker. "Why, five pounds would have been twice as much as it were worth. 'T was a rogue to make thee promise that."

"Oh, Papa," said she, "is it not, then, worth ten pounds to have me back again?"

He looked fondly at her. "My dear—my dear," said he, "'t were worth a million—yes, ten million! But, nevertheless, 't was a rogue," he added, "to trade upon thy needs."

WHAT THE LIGHTS TELL.

BY ENSIGN JOHN M. ELLICOTT.



ELECTRIC-LIGHT SIGNALS AT SEA. ARDOIS SYSTEM.

A RAILROAD-TRAIN cannot turn to the right or left at will, for it is bound by the iron tracks to go the way they lead, and the trains coming toward it are guided in another set of tracks to pass safely by. Therefore the engineer may rush his train along over the guiding tracks, through the brightness of day or the darkness of night, with no fear save for the most unforeseen and infrequent accidents. On the sea, however, a ship can go whichever way she is turned, and other ships may meet her coming from any direction. The broad ocean, then, may be looked upon as covered with an enormous network of tracks crossing one another in all directions, where a ship may be

switched from one track to another at will. In the daytime ships can be seen from each other, and be turned aside to pass in safety; for not only can they be seen, but the direction in which they are going is known. Still, even in the daytime certain rules must be followed to insure perfect safety. How, then, do ships, pursuing so many intersecting tracks, pass the others safely in spite of the darkness of the night?

Imagine yourself on the bridge of a big ship. It is really a bridge, you know, high above the deck, extending from side to side near the bow, and projecting a little beyond the sides so that from each end a man can see straight ahead

without rigging or masts to interfere. It is night, and very dark. Even the ship is only a long dark shadow under your feet. Over the sky may be a pall of cloud, and you peer away into the darkness, but cannot even tell where sea and sky come together. All is inky blackness above and below. Spreading outward from the bow of the ship is a foaming, phosphorescent wave, which tells how rapidly she is rushing onward over the unseen waters and into the dangers of the impenetrable gloom. In the middle of the bridge stands a man holding a wheel and gazing at a compass lit up by a little lamp. With that wheel he turns the rudder to keep the ship steadily pointed in the same direction by the compass. That direction is her track. Other ships may be on that track; other ships may be crossing that track in the darkness. How are they to be avoided?

On each side of the bridge stands a man peering continually into the gloom ahead, while back and forth, almost incessantly, paces a fourth man, an officer, who, like the others, is continually gazing ahead or glancing at the compass. He is the officer of the deck. On him rests the responsibility of avoiding all other vessels which may cross his vessel's track or be approaching her upon it. Upon his quickness and judgment depends the safety of the ship. In the daytime he has seen one, two, or perhaps a dozen ships around him during a single hour, and he well knows that just as many may be around him during any hour of the night. How, then, is he to know where they are, and how to keep out of their way?

Their lights will tell.

When you face toward the ship's bow the side at your right hand is called the starboard side, and the side at your left hand is called the port side. On her starboard side a ship carries at night a green light, and it is so shut in by two sides of a box that it cannot be seen from the port side or from behind. On her port side she carries a red light, and it is so shut in that it cannot be seen from the starboard side or from behind. If the ship is a steamship she carries a big white light at her foremast-head, but if she is a sailing vessel she does not. This white masthead light can be seen from all around except from behind.

So long, then, as the officer of the deck sees no lights, he feels sure that there are no vessels near him, and paces his watch in security; but presently there flashes out of the gloom ahead a small bright speck; then it is gone; then it shows again; and one of the lookouts who has craned his neck forward in the intensity of his gaze cries out:

"Light ho!"

In an instant the officer of the deck is by his side, glasses in hand, inquiring:

"Where away?"

Then he, too, sees it, and by it is informed of another vessel's presence near him on the dark ocean. Then comes an anxious time when with strong glasses he strives to tell the color of that faint light; for he is as yet in-



LANTERN-SIGNALING WITH THE INCANDESCENT LIGHT.

formed only of the other vessel's whereabouts at the moment, and knows not which way she is going, nor what manner of vessel she may be. This last is what the light next reveals, for if it be white it is the masthead light of a steamer; but if it be red or green, the absence of a white

light reveals a sailing vessel. It is for the red and green lights, commonly known as the side lights, that the officer of the deck most intently watches, for by them he can tell which way the vessel is going. If her red light shows, he knows that her port side is toward him and she is crossing to his left; if it is her green light, her starboard side is toward him and she is crossing to his right; but if both the red and green are showing, she is heading straight in his direction. Thus he learns by these running lights where the other vessel is, what she is, and in what direction she is going; and he knows in plenty of time whether she is on his track, or whether she is crossing it in one direction or the other. All that is not enough, however, to avoid collision; for both he and the officer on the other vessel must know exactly what to do, and what the other is going to do. He must know, so to speak, on just what track to switch, and on just what track the other vessel will switch to avoid him. This is settled by fixed rules, which are the same the world over, and are known to all men who follow the sea. They are called the "Rules of the Road."

The rules of the road say that when two vessels are coming bows on,—that is to say, on the same track,—each vessel shall turn off to the right far enough to avoid the other; that when two vessels are crossing,—that is, when their tracks would cross each other,—the one which has the other on her starboard (right) hand must turn to starboard (the right), and go behind the other vessel, while the latter keeps on her track or course; and that a steam-vessel must always get out of the way of a sailing vessel, a vessel at anchor or disabled, or a vessel with another in tow.

Thus the lights tell, in the darkest night, which way the ships are going, and what kind of ships they are; while the rules of the road tell, both for night and day, in which direction the ships must turn to keep out of each other's way. If a vessel has another vessel in tow, she carries two masthead lights instead of one; and when a vessel is at anchor she has no side lights or masthead light, but a single white light made fast to a stay where it can be seen from all around her.

In rivers and crowded harbors it is often im-

possible to follow the rules of the road; and sometimes even at sea the officer of the deck of one vessel discovers that the other is not heeding the rules. Then the steam-whistle is used to tell the other vessel what the first is doing. Thus, one whistle means "I am going to the right"; two whistles mean "I am going to the left"; and three whistles mean "I am backing"; while a series of short toots means "Look out for yourself; get out of the way!"

There is one class of vessels which is most annoying to those who direct the course of large steamers. These are small fishing-vessels. On the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, on the coast of Spain, and on the coasts of China and Japan big fleets of these little vessels are found at all times. They show no lights at night, preferring to save the expense of oil, and take their chances of being sent to the bottom; but when they see a big ship rushing down upon them, they light a torch and flare it about. Often they pay for their folly with their lives. The torch is seen too late, or not seen at all, and the great iron bow of the steamship crushes into the frail little craft, perhaps cutting her clean in two; and the unhappy fishermen sink into the foaming wake of the churning propellers, leaving not a soul to tell their wives at home what became of them.

Much more can be told at sea by lights at night; for they can be used by ships to signal to each other. Rockets are carried to be fired in case of distress, and when seen at sea they always mean that the ship or boat from which they are fired is in great need of help. The red, white, and blue lights which you burn in the evening of the Fourth of July are also made up into combinations to form a signal code, and are called Coston Signals, after the man who devised them. Since electric lights have come to be used on shipboard, a Spanish naval officer, Lieutenant Ardois, has invented a system of signals consisting of a string of lamps several feet apart on an electric cable stretching from the masthead to the ship's rail. Each lamp is double, one part being red and one white, and either the red or the white can be turned on independently. Then in a convenient place he sets up a circular disk electrically connected with the lights, on which white and



DANGER AHEAD!

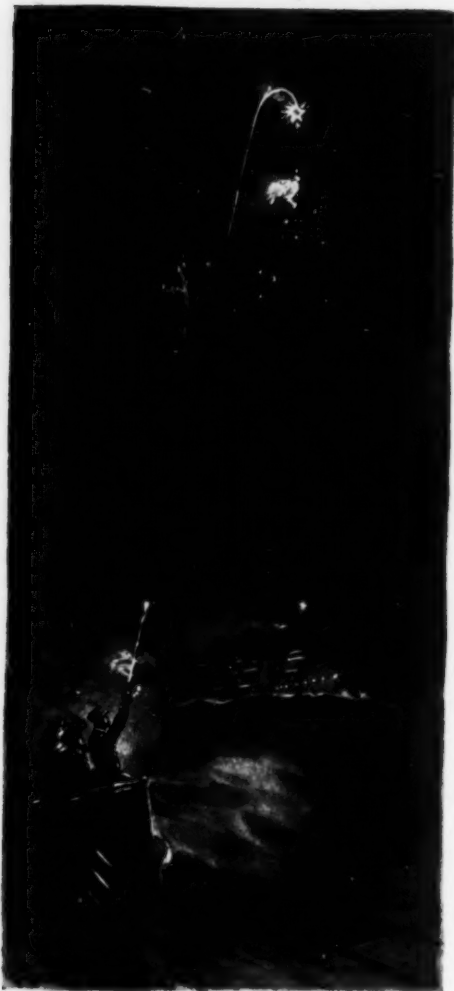
red spots representing different combinations of these lights are grouped together, and each group represents a letter of the alphabet, a point of the compass, a number, or a word. A switch on the disk can be used to turn on dif-

Lieutenant Very, of our navy, and named, after him, Very's Signals. They consist of a white, a red, and a green star, each fired into the air from a pistol, so that by firing one, two, or three of them in quick succession and in different orders, with a pause between the groups, different letters or signal numbers can be made until a sentence is complete. They can be easily read from vessels twelve miles away.

On our men-of-war lights are used at night in port to tell when the captain, or an officer of still higher rank, is out of the ship. When the captain is absent, one white light is displayed at the end of the spanker-gaff. The spanker is the sail at the stern of the ship, and the spanker-gaff is the spar from which the sail hangs. Its end is called the peak, and a light hoisted there is called a peak light. When a rear-admiral is absent from his flag-ship, three peak lights are hoisted. If he were a vice-admiral there would be four lights; and if he were a full admiral there would be five. If the Secretary of the Navy were sojourning on board of a war vessel and were temporarily absent, six lights would be hoisted; and for the President of the United States there would be seven. These lights are hoisted in a string one under the other, and are hauled down as soon as the official whose absence they indicate returns on board. The hoisting of the lights, you see, means "not at home," and saves many fruitless official visits and wasted social calls. During the daytime the going and coming of captains and flag-officers is seen and reported to all captains and flag-officers of other ships, but after dark the lights must tell.

In nearly every navy in the world it is the custom for a man-of-war, when leaving port at night, to hoist two peak lights to indicate her character as a public vessel; and all other men-of-war present do the same as an acknowledgment that they are aware of her departure. As soon as the departing vessel is out of the harbor, the lights are extinguished on her and on the vessels left behind.

On land the iron tracks lead a train safely across mountains and past deep ravines which would utterly destroy it should it swerve from the tracks to one side or the other; but at sea myriads of the countless tracks would, if fol-



SENDING UP A ROCKET-SIGNAL AT SEA.

ferent groups in succession until a signal is complete. So far this Ardois System has been used only on men-of-war, and it cannot be read more than four miles away, because at a greater distance the lights blend together. The best night signal-lights are those invented by

lowed, lead a ship to destruction upon rocks or shoals, or the very land itself. How is a ship to avoid taking one of these treacherous tracks in the darkness of the night?

Again, the lights tell.

Along all coasts where civilized nations dwell or trade—and these now include nearly all the coasts of the world—there are placed light-houses—which are usually tall towers with powerful lights on top—at such frequent intervals that one is seldom lost to sight before another is seen farther on. The better lights are so powerful that they can be seen twenty miles or more out at sea. On shoals, too, where lighthouses cannot be built, ships are anchored to stay there all the time, with big lights at their mastheads at night. All these lighthouses and light-ships are marked down on the charts; each has a name, and books are published and carried by ships at sea containing full descriptions of each light. These lights differ one from another, so that along any particular stretch of coast one can tell which light he sees by watching its color and behavior, and looking on the chart or in the light-book until he finds it. Thus, some lights are white, some red, and some are green. Some, again, flash red and white alternately. Others flash out and then for a short interval of time disappear; and this interval is a regular one, and is written down in seconds or minutes on the chart and in the book, so that a navigator can time it by his watch, and thus tell which light is flashing. Other lights are arranged to swing a bright beam back and forth across the sky so that the beam is often seen long before the light itself.

Suppose, then, you are sailing or steaming along in sight of land. In the broad daylight the coast is plainly seen, and it is easy to follow a track which will take you safely past the shoals and headlands. By the capes and mountains and villages which you watch coming into sight, one after another, and then pick out on the chart, you can tell at all times just where you are, and keep steaming or sailing on in perfect security; but presently comes the twilight, and all these things fade out into nothing but a dark, irregular line against the sky, which grows fainter and fainter until it is swallowed up in the darkness of the night. How helpless

you would be, then, with the wind and the unseen currents pushing you off your track, if you could not see anything to guide you; but out of the darkness there flashes up a big, bright light—perhaps two or three of them—in the direction of the unseen land. You watch the lights, you note their color, you time the intervals between their flashes. You go to the compass and note the direction or bearing of the lights from your ship, and finally you go to your chart and pick out those lights, mark with a pencil their lines of bearing, and where the lines come together, there you are. Thus you can pick out light after light as it comes in sight, and, marking your place on the chart as often as you please, fearlessly guide your ship on through the darkness until the light of another day again shows you the land.

But woe to you if you mistake one of those lights for another, and do not quickly find out your mistake! Almost certainly you will run into dangerous places. Not long ago a splendid brand-new ship started on her first trip from England, laden with valuable freight, and bound through the Mediterranean Sea. She steamed across the Bay of Biscay in safety, and then followed the coast of Spain. During a dark night her captain picked out a light which he mistook for the one on Tarifa Point—the point around which vessels turn to go through the Straits of Gibraltar. So he turned his ship to the east, and steamed confidently onward. Alas! it was not Tarifa Point, but Cape Trafalgar, many miles to the northward. Straight on to the coast of Spain that poor ship rushed until she struck, driving high upon the rocks and sand, and stopping only when she lay crushed among the breakers, a total wreck!

The captain's mistake was no doubt due to the tendency of white lights to look reddish in thick or hazy weather; for Tarifa light is red and Cape Trafalgar's white, each with a flash lasting about five seconds. Almost the same mistake was made by the officers of one of our naval vessels a few years ago. The United States steamship "Despatch" left New York for Washington, one stormy autumn afternoon. All through the night she was in sight of the lights on the New Jersey coast, but toward morning the weather grew thick with spray and drizzling

rain. Then a white light was mistaken for a red one, the ship's course was changed a little toward the coast, and she was soon pounding upon the sandy beach, never to float again.

The placing of electric lights in ships has given them another means of discovering and avoiding dangers in the night. This is by the use of search-lights. When these great lights blaze out and drive their straight white beams through the darkness, it is as if the ship herself had eyes with which to look and see where she

is going. Thus, in the darkest night a ship may enter even a poorly lighted harbor, rolling these great eyes from side to side to pick out buoy after buoy, and point after point, until the anchorage is safely reached. Darkness, then, has no terrors for the careful navigator; for he can guide his ship safely past other ships at sea, safely along the unseen coasts, and safely into the calm waters of a sheltering harbor, by what the lights tell. But thick fogs are more to be dreaded, for they hide the helpful lights.

HELIOS'S FOUR-IN-HAND.

By JAMES BALDWIN.



PHAËTHON IN THE CHARIOT OF THE SUN.

HELIOS, as you know, was the most famous charioteer that the world has ever seen. Just how long he had been driving the chariot of the Sun nobody could tell; but it must have been many, many years. People said that he had

never done anything else; and the oldest inhabitant had no recollection of the time when he began. He never missed a day—not even Sunday; and on holidays he was always up and at it early, cracking his whip cheerily to

awaken the children. He was sometimes a little late in getting a start on cold winter mornings, but whenever he did so he was sure to make up for lost time, and finish the journey just that much earlier in the afternoon. He seemed to dislike the cold very much, but that may have been because he was so old. Starting from the home of the Dawn in the far, far East, he made a daily trip to the verge of Old Ocean's stream in the distant West. How it was that he always got back to his starting-point before the next morning was somewhat of a mystery. Nobody had ever seen him making his return trip, and hence all that men knew about it was guesswork. It matters very little to us, however; for that question has nothing to do with the story which I am going to tell.

The old charioteer always slept soundly in the morning, and seldom awoke until he heard his young sister, the maiden whom men call Aurora, rapping at the door of his bedroom, and making her voice echo through the halls of the Dawn.

"Up, up, brother Helios!" she would cry. "It is time for you to begin your journey again. Up, and delight the world once more with your shining morning face and your life-giving presence!"

Then Helios would hasten to the meadows where, through the night, his steeds had been feeding, and would call them each by name:

"Come hither, beautiful creatures! Hasten, for Aurora calleth. Eös, thou glowing one! Æthon, thou of the burning mane! Brontë, thou thunderer! Sterope, thou swifter than lightning! Come quickly!"

The wing-footed steeds would obey. The servants would harness them to the golden car, and Aurora and the Morning Star would deck their manes with flowers and with wreaths of asphodel. Then Helios would step into the car and hold the long, yellow reins in his hands. A word from him, and the proud team would leap into the sky; then they would soar above the mountain-tops and mingle with the clouds, and grandly career in mid-air. And Helios, holding the reins steadily, would gently restrain them, or if they lagged would urge them forward with persuasive words. It was the grandest sight that men ever saw, and yet they never

seemed to think much about it—perhaps because it was seen so often. If Helios had failed for a single day, what a wonderful hubbub and fright there would have been!

The wife of Helios was a fair young lady named Clymene, who lived not far from the great sea, and who, according to some, was a nymph, but according to others a fisherman's daughter; and they had an only son named Phaëthon. This son Helios loved above all things else on earth; and he gave him many rich and noble gifts, and counseled him to be brave and wise, and especially to be contented with his lot in life. And Phaëthon grew to be a tall and comely lad, fond of his looking-glass, soft-handed, and proud of his ancestry. Some of his companions, who were only common mortals, liked to flatter him because of his supposed wealth, while there were many others who despised him because he affected to look up to the Sun.

"See the upstart who calls himself the son of Helios," sneered one.

"Ah, but he will have a sorry fall some of these days," said another.

"You are a pretty fellow to claim kinship with the charioteer of the Sun," said a worthless loafer named Epaphos, one day. "With your white face, and your yellow curls, and your slender hands, you are better fitted to help your mother at the spinning-wheel than to be a leader of men."

"But," said the boy, "my father Helios, who drives the burning chariot, and who—"

"Don't talk to me," interrupted the unmannerly fellow—"don't talk to me about your father, the chariot-driver. Why, you would be frightened to death to drive your sister's goat-cart over the lawn, and you would shriek at the sight of a real horse. How dare you claim descent from the charioteer of the skies? Nonsense!"

"A pretty son of Helios, indeed!" laughed the other rowdies who were with Epaphos; and some young girls that were passing tossed their heads and smiled.

"I will show you!" cried Phaëthon, angrily. "I will do what none of you dare do: I will ride the wild horses of the plain; I will harness them to the king's war-chariot, and drive

them in the great circus! I will prove to you that I am worthy to be called the son of Helios!"

"Perhaps you will take his place as driver of the sun-chariot? A day's rest now and then would do the old man great good," sneered Epaphos.

Phaëthon hesitated. "My father," said he, "is one of the immortals, and I am earth-born. And yet—and yet—"

"And yet," shouted his tormentors, "until you have driven the sun-chariot through the skies, nobody will believe that you are the son of Helios!"

And they went on their way laughing.

"You may sneer, and you may laugh," said Phaëthon, "but the time will come when you will honor me, both for what I am and for what I can do."

After that there were many who made sport of the boy's pride. They did this not because they bore any ill will toward him, but because they found a sort of pleasure in twitting one who had set himself up as better than themselves. One by one the young men who had hitherto been his comrades drew themselves away from his companionship; and his girl friends, although they still admired his good looks and pleasant manners, treated him with a coldness which every day became more marked. When he passed along the street the small boys would hoot at him and call out, "Charioteer!" and derisively ask if his father knew he was out. Even the old men who had known him all his life advised him to buy a spade and go to work in his mother's garden, and stop gazing into the sky.

But Phaëthon took little notice of these taunts. Steadily, and with a determined purpose, he set about making himself ready for the great undertaking of his life. He exercised himself daily in feats of strength; he practised running and leaping and throwing weights, until his muscles were hardened and made as elastic as Apollo's bow. Then he took lessons in horsemanship from the greatest riding-masters in the world. He spent months on the grassy steppes of the Caspian, where he learned to lasso wild horses, and, leaping astride of them, to ride them bare-backed and bridleless until

they were subdued to his will. He entered the chariot races at Corinth, and with a team of four outdrove the most famous charioteers of Greece; and at the great Olympic games he won the victor's crown. No other young man was talked about as much as he.

"A bright young fellow with a brilliant future before him," said some.

"A fine example of what hard work and a little genius can do," said others.

"A lucky chap," said still others,—“a mere creature of circumstances. Any of us could do as well, if as many favorable accidents would happen to us to help us along.”

"A vain upstart," said those whom he had beaten in the race—"a fop with a girl's face, and more hair than brains, whom the gods have seen fit to favor for a day."

"He claims to be of better blood than the rest of us," said the followers of Epaphos; "yet everybody knows that he was born in a miserable village a long way from Athens, and that his mother is the daughter of a fisherman."

But the young girls whispered among themselves: "How handsome he is, and how deftly he managed the reins! What if he be indeed the son of Helios! Would n't it be grand to see him sitting in his father's chariot, and guiding the sun-steeds along their lofty road?" And they said to him, "Phaëthon, if you will drive your father's fiery team for only one little day, we will believe in you."

At length Phaëthon made a long journey to the golden palace of the Dawn in the far distant East. Helios, with his steeds, had just returned from the labors of the day, and he was overjoyed to see his earth-born son. He threw his arms about him, and kissed him many times, and called him by many endearing names.

"And now tell me," he said, "what brings you here, and at this quiet hour of the night, when all men are asleep. Have you come to seek some favor? If so, do not be afraid to tell me; for you know that I will do anything for you—that I will give you anything that you ask."

"There is something," said Phaëthon, "that I long for more than anything else in the world; and I have come to ask you to give it to me."

"What is it, my child?" asked Helios, eagerly. "Only speak, and it shall be yours."

"Father, will you promise to do for me that which I shall ask?"

Then Helios lifted up his hands, and vowed by the river Styx which flows through the under-world, that he would surely grant to his son Phaëthon whatsoever he desired. And this he did, knowing full well the terrible punishment that would be his in case he should not observe that vow. Nine years he would have to lie on the ground as though he were dead, and nine other years he would be shut out from the company of his friends; his sun-car would be broken in pieces, and his fleet horses lost forever, and the whole world doomed to everlasting night.

The young man was glad when his father had made this vow. He spoke quickly, and said: "This, then, O Father, is the boon which I have come to ask, and which you have promised to give: It is that I may take your place to-morrow, and drive your chariot through the flaming pathway of the sky."

Helios sank back terrified at the request, and for a time could not speak.

"My child," he said at last, "you surely do not mean it. No man living can ever drive my steeds; and although you have kinship with the immortals, you are only human. Choose, I pray you, some other favor."

Phaëthon wept, and answered: "Father, there are some people who do not believe that I am better than mere common men, and they scorn me to my face. But if they could once see me driving the sun-car through mid-air, they and all the world would honor me. And I can drive your steeds; for have I not mastered the wildest horses of the desert, and have I not driven the winning chariot in the Corinthian races? By long years of patient training I have fitted myself for this task."

Through all the rest of the night Helios pleaded with the young man, but in vain: Phaëthon would not listen to any refusal. "This favor I will have, or none," said he. "I will drive the sun-car through the heavens to-morrow, and all men shall know that I am the son and heir of Helios."

At length Aurora, in her yellow morning robes, knocked at the door, and Helios knew

that no more time could be spent in vain entreaties.

"Ah, my son!" he said, "you know not what you have asked. Yet, since I have made the vow I will not refuse you. May the immortals have you in their keeping, and ward all danger from you!"

Then the four horses were led out and harnessed to the car, and Helios sadly gave the reins into Phaëthon's hands.

"Thy folly will doubtless bring with it its own punishment, my son!" he said; and, hiding his face in his long cloak, he wept.

But the young man leaped quickly into the car, and cried out, as his father had been wont to cry: "On, Eös! On Æthon, Brontë, Sterope! On, ye children of the morning! Awaken the world with your brightness, and carry beauty and gladness into every corner of the earth. Sterope, Brontë, Æthon, Eös, on with you!"

Up sprang the steeds, swift as the thunder-clouds that rise from the sea. Quickly they vaulted upward to the blue dome of heaven. Madly they careered above the mountain-tops, turning hither and thither in their course, and spurning the control of their driver; for well they knew that it was not their old master who stood in the chariot behind them. Then the proud heart of Phaëthon began to fail within him. He quaked with fear, and the yellow reins dropped from his hands.

"O my father!" he cried, "how I wish that I had heeded your warning!"

And the fiery steeds leaped upward and soared in the heavens until they reached a point higher than any eagle had ever attained; then, as suddenly, they plunged downward, dragging the burning car behind them; then, for a long time, they skimmed close to the tree-tops, and dangerously near to the dwellings of men. From the valley of the Nile westward, across the continent of Africa, they passed in their unmanageable flight, and the region that had once been so green and fertile was scorched into a barren desert. The rivers were dried up, and the fishes in them died. The growing grain, the grass, the herbs, the trees—all were withered by the intense heat. The mountains smoked, the earth quaked, and the sky was lurid with flame. The fair people who dwelt

in that ill-fated land hastened to hide themselves in caves and among the rocks, where many of them perished miserably from thirst and the unbearable heat; and those who survived and came forth again into the light of day were so scorched and blackened that their skins were of the hue of night, and no washing could ever make them white again. Then all living creatures, great and small, cried out in their terror, and besought the ever-living powers to save them from destruction. And Mother Gæa, queen of earth, heard them; and, pitying them, she prayed to great Zeus, ruler of gods and men, that he would do something to stop the mad course of the driverless steeds ere the whole world should be wrapped in flames. Zeus, from his palace on high, heard her prayer, and hurled his thunderbolts upon the head of the hapless Phaëthon. The youth, stricken and helpless, fell headlong from the car; and the team of Helios, frightened into obedience, soared aloft to their accustomed pathway, and, though driverless, pursued their journey to the shore of the western ocean. Helios was there awaiting their coming, and when he saw that Phaëthon was not in the car deep sorrow filled his heart; he covered his face with his cloak, and it was long ere he removed it, and his smiles were seen again as of yore.

As for Phaëthon, he fell into the great river Po, and messengers hastened to carry the news of his death into the country of his birth. When those who had taunted him and goaded him on to his fate heard what had happened, they began at once to bewail his sad death, and to laud his courage and skill.

"Alas," cried they, "a great hero, a true son of Helios, is lost to the world! What a pity that he did not hearken to our advice, and stay here among his mother's kindred! Had he done so, we would have honored him as one

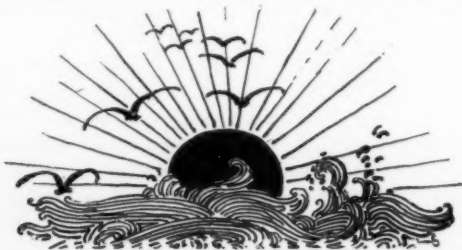
having kinship with the great, and he might have lived to see a happy old age."

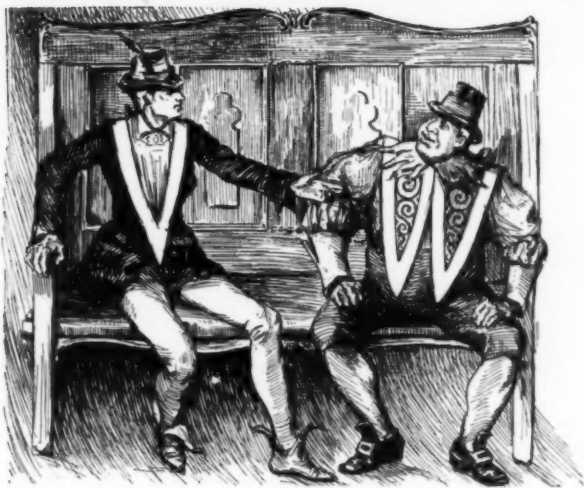
"How handsome he was!" said the maidens who had formerly turned their faces from him, "and how skilful and brave! In all the world we shall never see his like again."

And the daughters of the West built him a noble tomb of marble near the shore of the great sea, and they caused an inscription to be engraved upon it, which said that although he had failed in what he had undertaken, yet he was worthy of honor, because he had set his mind on high things. And Phaëthon's own sisters wandered broken-hearted up and down the banks of the Po, until they were changed into the tall and stately poplars of Lombardy, and the tears which they had shed, falling into the water, were hardened into beads of precious yellow amber.

The old charioteer Heliós, though smitten with grief, returned at once to his duty. And for many, many years thereafter he continued to drive his sun-car upon their course; but it was observed that he had lost somewhat of his former vigor, and that his four flaming steeds no longer pranced through the skies with the joyousness of earlier times. At length, when mighty Zeus had fallen from his lofty place, and great Pan was dead, and Mother Gæa was no more than the great round earth, the Man of Facts appeared, with his spectacles, and his measuring tape, and his little memorandum book.

"Father Helios," he said, "your sun-car seems to be rather an antiquated affair for this progressive age of ours, and you yourself are rather behind the times. We believe the earth can spin around on its axis without needing to have the sun eternally trundled about in a chariot. We'll find room for your old rattle-trap in the back yard, and let it stay there among the rubbish of bygone ages. And the horses, Eös, Æthon, Brontë, and Sterope, we will turn out to grass."





V. AND W.

BY CHARLES L. BENJAMIN.

"EXCUSE me if I trouble you,"

Said V to jolly W,

"But will you have the kindness to explain
one thing to me?

Why, looking as you do,

Folks should call you double U,

When they really ought to call you double V?"

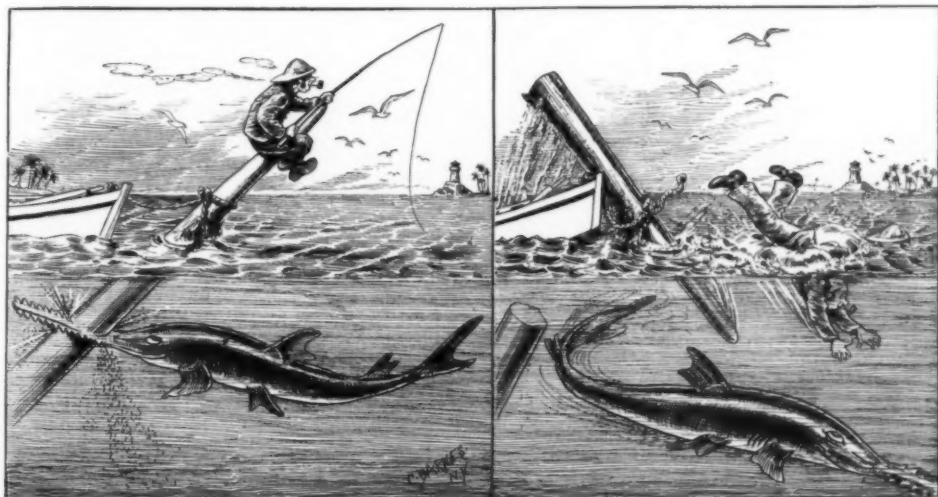
Said W to curious V:

"The reason 's plain as plain can be
(Although I must admit it 's understood by
very few);

As you say, I 'm double V;

And therefore, don't you see,

The people say that I am double you."



THE CONTENTED FISHERMAN; OR THE MISCHIEVOUS SWORD-FISH.

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT MADEMOISELLE FOUND IN THE STREET OF ST. ANTHONY.

THE great Room of the Marshals had almost emptied itself of guests as the Emperor had scored the ambassador. When big nations quarrel, little states stand from under. After such a bout as was this, when France taunted Russia, none knew upon whom the imperial bolt might fall next; and both vassals and allies had business elsewhere.

Men whispered to one another: "It means war. Thus did the Emperor break out against Whitworth, the Englishman, before the war that ended in the subjugation of Germany; thus did he score Metternich, the Austrian, before the campaign that ended in victory at Wagram. It is peace no longer."

But Philip thought not of the quarrels of states, as he stood before the Emperor. He knew he had been indiscreet. He expected what English boys call a "wiggling," and what American boys know as a "hauling over the coals."

"So, young Desnouettes," the Emperor broke out, "you forget yourself in the presence of my guests; is it not so? You dare to bandy words with the representative of a nation, do you? Feather-head! Can I, then, not trust my pages to learn manners?"

"Sire, the Russian angered me, and—I forgot myself," the boy confessed.

"And does that make matters right?" cried Napoleon. "Courtesy should never forget itself."

Then Philip looked squarely into the imperial eye. "Sire," he said, "I did but follow my Emperor."

At this bold declaration every listener looked aghast. Courtiers knew not whether to smile

or to frown. Pages held their breath. Only Victor, the irrepressible, whispered, "My faith! there goes boy Philip's head."

But one never knew how to take that curious compound of severity and sentiment—Napoleon the Emperor. At Philip's words a gleam of anger filled his eye; then, suddenly and strangely, it changed to a twinkle. He tweaked the page's ear—that ear still smarting from the Russian cuff.

"Monkey!" he said. "One might say the Emperor did but follow the page. What caused it all?"

"I said, Sire," Philip replied, "that Catcha—that Monsieur de Czernicheff was a spy."

"My faith, boy, you spoke the truth. I tell you, gentlemen, the lad spoke but the truth," Napoleon cried, turning to his courtiers, who now saw that it was policy to smile, and to cultivate this plucky young page. "That silken Cossack was a spy, and none of you dared tell him so. But you did wrong, you page, to meddle thus with what is not your concern. You are too honest, I fear, to succeed at court. You will be forever in the water that is hot. We must use you elsewhere. Report in the morning at my study. I will devise some return for your over-zeal. Go!"

And Philip went.

In the Blue Room he ran against Citizen Daunou.

"What is this I hear, my son," that good man said, drawing the page into a deserted corner. "You have been baiting the Russian bear, have you? Tell me of it."

Philip told his story.

"So! see what hot fires we kindle at the court," Citizen Daunou said. "A bad air, a bad air, I fear. When boys bluster, old men hold their peace. And what is to come of it all?"

"That I do not know, Citizen," the page replied. "The Emperor is to render judgment in the morning."

"And our Philip will be a victim or a marshal before another sunset," Citizen Daunou declared. "Well, if the one, you have a friend in me, my boy; if the other—pray let me have a friend in you, Monsieur the Marshal! One never can count on the Emperor. He is full of surprises. But, Philip, this means war. We must face the bear at bay; and what France needs is peace."

"But the glory of it, Citizen Daunou! There is no glory in peace," cried warlike Philip.

"My son," said the old republican solemnly, "peace hath the greater victories—nay, peace is the greatest of all victories. He who holds back the sword when it is in his power to strike is the hero, the victor, the conqueror, whom time will applaud, and posterity praise. Remember this. Oh, that the Emperor might feel it! Oh, that France might make test of it! But the blood-madness is upon us, and the Empire is doomed."

Philip pondered long—for a boy—over these solemn words of Citizen Daunou. But he dismissed them finally as the theories of one who had no love for the Emperor's methods, and he felt glad that none but himself had heard the remarks. For just then it was scarcely wise to talk peace in the imperial palace, whose indomitable master desired a new war of conquest.

Next morning Philip obeyed orders, and reported at the Emperor's study. As he awaited the summons to enter, what was his surprise to see coming from the imperial sanctum his old friend Pierre, the deputy doorkeeper of La Force!

"What, Pierre! You in the palace!" he cried.

"And why not, young Desnouettes?" the deputy doorkeeper replied. "Others than pages are sometimes here. As for me—I had an appointment with the Emperor!"

"That is good!" Philip exclaimed heartily. "I hope he did something fine for you. I thought he might. I spoke to him about you."

"Thanks, Monsieur the Page! I am yours forever"; and the deputy doorkeeper bowed

so very low that Philip was not certain whether it was in thanks or in fun. A queer little smile, too, played about the corner of the big boy's mouth. "Some day, my Philip," he said, "I may do as much for you. The Emperor thinks well of me, and I may yet get my step. He has given me a special service. What? Oh, we shall see; and so, too, some day may you. Adieu!"

Then he passed on; and even while Philip was puzzling over his hint the summons came, and the page entered the Emperor's study.

"So! you are there, young Desnouettes. And how old are you now, you boy?" This was the Emperor's greeting.

"I shall be sixteen next February, Sire," the boy replied.

"And now it is August. Sixteen is some months away yet," the Emperor said. "But yet, sixteen is coming—and sixteen is the age for effort. See, you Philip! Championship is excellent. Did I not one day make you champion in ordinary to the Emperor? You are a loyal knight; but sometimes championship embarrasses. You were unwise last night. But you were plucky, and pluck is what the boys of France need, if France is to profit by their service. I shall send you to Alfort."

"To Alfort, Sire!" the boy cried.

"Yes—to Alfort, Sire," mimicked the Emperor. "But not to doctor horses, or to feel the pulses of pigs, Monsieur the Page. You shall join the cavalry class, and learn how to ride, and how to care for horses as one should who, in time, may become a special aide to the Emperor."

"Oh, Sire, you are too good!" exclaimed delighted Philip. "It is what I most desire."

"See, then," said the Emperor, "that you give attention to your duties, and heed the instruction of those set apart to make a man of you. For there are men, my boy, who really do know more than boys, though I sometimes feel that my pages know all there is to know—or think they do."

So Philip went to Alfort, and in that institution, since made into a great veterinary college, the page spent several months, learning the nature and needs of horses. With thirty other boys he received instruction in the cavalry class,

and became a daring and expert horseman. The Polytechnic School also he entered, as a "special," to perfect himself in drawing, in topography, and in penmanship; for the Emperor had, evidently, special service in view for this protégé of his, who, in spite of his propensity for getting into scrapes, was honest, plucky, and loyal—the three things that would best combine to make a faithful follower of the Emperor.

A pleasant thing about Alfort was its nearness to Vincennes, where Peyrolles was stationed as one of the drill-masters of the Pupils of the Guard. Philip frequently visited the Corporal, and often on "leave days" he took the veteran to his friends in the Street of the Fight, where he would listen with glee to the worshiper of the Emperor, and the hater of the Corsican, as they debated long and loud over their pet topic—Napoleon.

"Cæsar has become Charlemagne," Uncle Fauriel declared; "and the republic is dead, indeed. Why was I not a Brutus years ago? Now—alas!—I am too fat to be deliverer or conspirator."

Mademoiselle and Philip laughed merrily



"NAPOLEON PULLED THE PAGE'S HAIR VIGOROUSLY IN APPRECIATION OF THE JOKE." (SEE PAGE 585.)

over the idea of so fat a Brutus, though Brutus was quite a portly person, Uncle Fauriel informed them. As for Peyrolles, he played a good

second to Fauriel's grumbling. "Why did I leave a leg at Austerlitz?" he cried. "Was it to let another man step into the shoes I could no longer wear, and be made the duke or marshal I might have been?"

"Never mind, my Peyrolles," said Philip. "You are drill-master at Vincennes. You are helping to make dukes and marshals for France out of your little Pupils of the Guard."

"Not so easy, that," said the Corporal, shaking his head. "I tried to make of you, young Desnouettes, at St. Cyr, a duke, or at least a marshal—and behold you! only a page yet, or perhaps a horse-doctor!"

"Which may not be so bad a profession after all, Old Mustache," cried Uncle Fauriel. "For what is the saying: 'Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to destruction.' The Corsican is mounted already, and if Philip will but keep his horses in good trim, he will ride all the speedier to his end. And out of it may spring a new France, a greater republic. Good Doctor Philip, look to your horses' hoofs."

The Emperor, indeed, was mounted and riding: no one yet could say to what end. For, as 1811 grew into 1812, the war-cloud swelled in bigness, and darkened. In June, 1812, it burst. Napoleon crossed the river Niemen with half a million men. To cross that river, in arms, was to break the peace. France and Russia were at war.

During the spring months of 1812 the Emperor had drunk deep of power; and Philip, too, from the Emperor's cup had drunk deep of glory. For, though on the eve of a war that was to embroil all Europe, Napoleon sought, first, to dazzle all Europe with his splendor, his resources, and his power. Six hundred thousand men followed the imperial eagles—the mightiest army since the days of Alexander. He set out for the war encompassed by glittering soldiers, and attended by princes and kings. At Dresden he spent three weeks in a blaze of display, marshaling his host. Receptions, festivals, levees, audiences, balls, reviews, shows, and ceremonials crowded each other in dizzy succession; everywhere orders gleamed and diamonds blazed; and where he who once had starved himself as a sub-lieu-

tenant now held state as a monarch, sovereign princes flocked to do honor to this "Marvel of the Age," and vassal kings stood as suppliants in the palace of him whom men called "The New Agamemnon."

Amid all this homage, Napoleon kept his head. While the French served him with idolatry, and the Allies with adulation, he sought to give no visible sign of superiority; he could even see the funny side of it all. For one day Philip the page, delaying an answer he should have brought with speed, met the Emperor's impatient demand: "How then, you page! what are your legs for? Why are you late?"

True to his habit, Philip straightway told the truth.

"Sire," he replied; "I could not help it. I came with the answer straight. But out here in the antechamber I got tangled up in a lot of kings, and had to just crowd my way through them to get in."

Whereat Napoleon laughed, and pulled the boy's ear and hair so vigorously, in his appreciation of the joke, that the tears fairly started in the page's eyes.

For, as you see Philip was in the thick of it all. Recalled from his studies to grace the progress to Dresden as one of the imperial pages, the boy Philip had been a part of the display that attended it, and, much to his disgust, was sent back to Paris when the Emperor sounded the advance "On to Russia!" and the Empress returned by way of Prague to her palace in France.

In France there was much unrest. The Emperor was fifteen hundred miles away, and nearly every household had been drawn upon for soldiers to fight against Russia. At first came tidings of victories. Then bulletins fell off; news

came less regularly; anxiety and rumors filled the air. None knew what to believe; and though from the heart of Russia Napoleon ruled France, the people of France were uneasy, and wished their Emperor were back again, with all the brave Frenchmen whom he had led to the war.

But to Philip, dividing his time between his



"WHAT IS THAT, PIERRE?" SHE SAID, POINTING TO THE WORDS."
(SEE PAGE 587.)

special studies at the Polytechnic School and his duties as a page of the palace, there came but little of this unrest. While the fathers and mothers of France were waiting anxiously for bulletins, sticking pins in their maps of Russia at every place mentioned in the news that came home, and thus following the advance of the troops, the boys of France were puffed up with

glory, and longing for the day when they might be old enough to join the Young Guard, and march to victory with their never-conquered Emperor. Philip's only feeling of uneasiness lay in the fear that the war might close before the Emperor should summon him to the field. This fear he confided often to Corporal Peyrolles, and almost as frequently to Mademoiselle.

Peyrolles applauded "my boy," as he called Philip; but Mademoiselle was full of anxieties, conjured alike from Citizen Daunou's gloomy forebodings and young Philip's extravagant notions.

These occupied her thoughts one bright October morning in this year of 1812, when, accompanied by her old nurse, Marcel, now grown into a sort of chaperon to the young girl who had been her charge from babyhood, she set out for a walk from the Street of the Fight to the straggling Street of the Suburb of St. Anthony. For, in that quarter of the city, in the funny old streets (long since swept away by change) known as the Pig-sty and the Tree of Cracow, lived certain poor pensioners to whom Mademoiselle was a helpful angel of mercy.

She had passed the towering plaster elephant of the Bastille (that ambitious memorial of tyranny overthrown, designed by the Emperor but never to be changed into bronze as he intended), and had almost reached the dingy side street known as the Little Picpus, when a carriage, dashing furiously down the Street of St. Anthony, almost overturned her as she was picking her way across the foaming gutter; for it had rained heavily in Paris the night before.

Bulky Nurse Marcel caught at the young girl's arm. Before she had done so, however, an alert young fellow, stockily built, caught Mademoiselle's other arm, and drew her back to the pavement and Nurse Marcel's care. But while Pierre had one eye for the girl, he nevertheless had another for the occupant of the hurrying carriage.

"So, Mademoiselle," he said, "that was a narrow escape. And you could have no redress, had you been hurt. It was the Prefect of the Seine's carriage. He rides as if sent for. Something is afoot."

"Thank you so much," Mademoiselle said prettily. "I did not see him coming. Even when one is sent for, one need not ride so furiously, and scare people half out of their wits."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," the boy declared with amusing importance, "when one is, like us, in an official station, one must do many things that do not seem gentle—even to running down pretty girls out for an airing."

"Mademoiselle,—to me!" came Nurse Marcel's warning voice. But Mademoiselle was inquisitive, and was now bound to hear more from this young official.

"And you are an official, then, Monsieur?" she asked the big boy.

"A deputy doorkeeper at La Force, Mademoiselle," he replied.

"La Force? the prison? Then you must know Pierre. I mean Pierre Labeau—a boy on duty there."

"I am that Pierre Labeau, at your service, Mademoiselle. And you?"

"Oh, we have heard of you so often from Philip! Have we not, Nurse? This is Monsieur Philip's friend, Pierre."

"And a very forward young man he is!" cried Nurse Marcel. "Come away with me at once, Mademoiselle."

"Monsieur Philip!" cried Pierre. "Is it, then, young Desnouettes, the page, of whom you speak? Then you—you, Mademoiselle, perhaps, are—"

"Mademoiselle Lucie Daunou, of the Street of the Fight," said the girl.

"But not Citizen Daunou's daughter—is she now, Nurse?" Pierre demanded, so quickly, indeed, that Nurse Marcel flushed, and said sharply, "And why not? Who else, Monsieur Stupid? Why, I have known her ever since the day Citizen Daunou brought her to his home—bah, then! what am I saying?" she cried in startled confusion.

"Brought me—me! Why, what are you saying, Nurse? What does it mean, that?" Mademoiselle cried. "I never heard of it! Oh! but what is this?"

It was a bit of torn paper blown by the wind into the girl's hand. Even in her surprise at Nurse Marcel's words, Mademoiselle's curiosity

as to the bit of torn paper displaced her first inquisitiveness, and she spread it out to read.

It was baffling; for this is what she saw:

*To the Count Frochat, Prefect
of the Seine, wherever he may be found.
Ride with speed!*

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS,
PLACE VENDÔME.

23d October, 1812,

6 o'clock, A. M.

REFECT.—I have the honor to
py of the decree of the Sen-
nouncing the sad ti-
of the Emperor, by a
walls of Moscow on
of this month of October
on of their command,
e the City Hall for
provisional gov-
the Republic
th speed.

LET.

Army of
Paris.

"How strange!" cried Mademoiselle. "What can it all mean, Pierre?"

The deputy doorkeeper, equally curious, took the letter, and scanned it curiously.

"The Count Frochat, Prefect of the Seine," he read. "It came from his carriage then, Mademoiselle—'decree of the Senate—announcing sad tidings—of the Emperor—walls of Moscow—month of October—the City Hall—provisional government—the Republic—Army of Paris'—why, what is it, then? I said something was up. Something *is*!"

He turned the torn paper over, puzzled enough. Mademoiselle's sharp eyes caught sight of some bold handwriting on the back of the letter.

"What is that, Pierre?" she said, pointing to the words.

"*Fu—it*," the boy spelled out. "I do not know, Mademoiselle. It is not French, this. What is it?"

It was not French. It was Latin. Mademoiselle read the two bold words, looking over Pierre's shoulder. "*Fuit Imperator!*" That means, 'The Emperor has been.' The Emperor has been? Oh, Pierre! What have I found?" she cried. "The Emperor is dead!"

Pierre excitedly struck his hand upon the torn bit of paper.

"So! I see it all!" he cried. "Killed under the walls of Moscow! Whew! but here is a tangle, though!"

And without a word of adieu the deputy doorkeeper turned sharply, and dashed down the Street of the Suburb of St. Anthony, heading as straight as its crowded ways would permit for the City Hall and the "General Headquarters" in the Place Vendôme.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHY PHILIP WAS MAD AT THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

MADemoiselle stood for a moment looking after the flying Pierre. Then she said: "Oh, that poor little baby! Why, *he* is emperor now! Come with me, Nurse. I must go to the palace and tell Philip. Perhaps he does not know it, and he might wish to hear of it in time."

"But we are not for palaces, Mademoiselle," Nurse Marcel objected. "How would I be received there—I, the widow of a sansculotte? They will send me to La Force, if they do but know that once I was 'Citizeness' and danced the Carmagnole."

"Never fear that, Nurse," Mademoiselle reassured her companion. "They cannot know; and I must see Philip."

So, grumbling still, Nurse Marcel turned with the young girl, and together they hastened westward; for, though the Empress was at St. Cloud, Philip's duties were largely at the Tuileries when he was not at the Polytechnic School.

Mademoiselle saw that soldiers were marching that way, and that in the City Hall Square the whole Tenth Brigade were drawn up before the city building. Clearly something had happened.

At the palace Mademoiselle soon found Philip. To him she told the news. Had he heard it? she asked. Was it not dreadful?

"Dreadful? Why, it is never true," Philip declared. "The bullet is not made that can kill the Emperor. The letter was a trick. Wait here a moment, Mademoiselle. Let me report what you tell me, and inquire."

He returned speedily.

"Something *is* wrong," he said. "The square is filling with soldiers. The horse-guards have just galloped to St. Cloud. Every one seems mystified. Strange things, they say, have happened. The Minister of Police has been locked up in La Force. So, too, has Pasquier, the prefect. The commander of the Paris garrison has been assassinated. The City Hall is surrounded; the Ministry of War is in the hands of red republicans; the Senate, it is said, has issued a decree announcing the death of the Emperor, and proclaiming the Republic."

"The Republic!" exclaimed Mademoiselle. "Why, Philip, how may that be? If the Emperor is dead, the little King of Rome is Emperor. Why should the republicans have the power? Dear me! I hope my father is not in it all. Of course Uncle Fauriel is."

"No matter what they say, I will not believe it," Philip declared. "The Emperor dead! How absurd! The Emperor cannot die. What would become of France?"

"Why, Philip, I suppose emperors have died before," Mademoiselle suggested.

"But not *The* Emperor," said Philip, proudly. "But, true or not, I am in a muddle; and what a ferment will France be in! So, too, will the city. Were it not wise, Mademoiselle, for me to conduct you, and Nurse here, to the Street of the Fight—or at least to Citizen Daunou's safe-keeping at the Archives? The streets will soon be in an uproar."

So, dodging the crowds that thronged the streets, and yet, with the curiosity of youth, unwilling to let slip any chance of seeing what was afoot, the young people, with Nurse Marcel clutching at Mademoiselle's arm, arrived at last at the Palace of the Archives in the Street of the Wheat Field.

There, in his office, they found the good Keeper of the Archives, as cool and as calm as ever, poring over his dusty documents, and apparently indifferent to all the rumors and excitement that filled the city.

Breathless they told what Mademoiselle had found, and what Philip had heard.

"The Emperor dead? That is now but ancient history, my children," remarked the old Keeper. "Was I in it? No; nor yet Uncle

Fauriel. Do you take us for lunatics, you two? Why, it was but a scare and a sell. And yet, it might have proved a tragedy—that I will admit. But, bless you both! the Emperor is as alive as you or I; and the hot-heads, the crazy-pates, who sought to raise an insurrection are safe, now, under lock and key. Yes, it was nearly accomplished—that I may not deny; but by a lucky chance—or shall we say an unlucky one?—who can tell?—by a lucky chance, let us call it, the plot failed; and thanks to whom, think you? To your friend Pierre, my Philip—Pierre, the deputy doorkeeper of La Force. He is the hero of the hour. I have but just heard the whole story. That crazy-pate Malet, late general under the Republic,—you must have heard Uncle Fauriel tell of him,—was at the bottom of it all; and now he is in prison once more, and his head is not worth a button. So, come; get you back to home and duty, my children. It is but an incident. See—it is over. Leave me to my papers."

Citizen Daunou was right. It was but an incident, but it well-nigh proved an event. A cleverly laid plot against the Empire, which included an announcement of the Emperor's death, a forged decree of the Senate, a surprise of the heads of departments, and the transfer of all commands to the conspirators, had been so skilfully carried out that it would have succeeded but for the quick eye of Pierre, the deputy doorkeeper of La Force.

The account of the attempt is one of the most dramatic chapters in the Napoleonic story; but, save for Pierre's connection with it, the conspiracy of General Malet, as it is called, has no especial bearing upon our story. It was one of those historic oddities that might have changed the world's history had it succeeded. But it failed; and to-day it is almost forgotten, though certain foolish and certain brave men paid with their lives for their connection with it.

Philip lost no time in hunting up Pierre at La Force. From him he learned the details of that lynx-eyed young fellow's part in the drama.

"After I left Mademoiselle," the deputy doorkeeper said, "I hurried to the City Hall. I

could learn nothing certain; but that homely little commander Laborde,—you know him, my Philip, that bunged-up aide-de-camp of Doucet the adjutant—he spied me. ‘See, there, you Labeau, come with me to headquarters,’ he said; ‘you may be of service to me.’ You see, he knew I was on duty at La Force, and I suppose he thought if he should happen to be arrested and sent there, it would be well to be in my care. So to headquarters we went—in the Place Vendôme. The troops were all about the building, and the sentries would not let us pass. Our little Laborde cried: ‘Fools! I am here on duty. Let me enter.’ And they did. We went then to the adjutant’s office. Laborde left me without. I heard high words. Then Laborde called me. I pushed past the sentry at the door, and entered. Doucet the adjutant was there; Laborde was there; a man in a general’s uniform was there. I looked at him. I knew him. ‘What, General Malet!’ I said, ‘you here! Who gave you leave to quit La Force?’ My faith, Philip! He was one of my prisoners — Malet

the republican, from the prison hospital. Oh, but he was mad! ‘Fool!’ he hissed at me. ‘Fool, yourself!’ said I. ‘Here is something wrong, gentlemen. This is an escaped prisoner. Arrest him, and I will go for the Minister of Police.’ With that the runaway tried to pull his pistol. We jumped at him and

pinned him down. ‘An escaped lunatic?’ asked Doucet the adjutant, as he sat on the fallen general. ‘But the decree of the Senate?’ he went on. ‘Forged, Monsieur the Adjutant,’ I said; ‘it must be a forged decree. This Malet is a clever lunatic.’ Laborde ran to the win-



“‘STAND BACK, SIR,’ HE CRIED. ‘THIS IS THE APARTMENT OF THE EMPRESS!’”
(SEE PAGE 590.)

dow. ‘A trick! a trick!’ he cried. ‘The Emperor is not dead. To your barracks, soldiers! You have been duped by a lunatic!’ That is all there is to it. The plot is discovered. The scare is over. Malet is in La Force, and I—”

“You have saved France, Pierre,” Philip cried, hugging the deputy doorkeeper in delight.

"Well — perhaps. Thanks to little Mademoiselle Daunou — if she *is* Daunou," said Pierre. "If Mademoiselle had not found that bit of torn paper in the Street of St. Anthony, I should not have been on hand; I should not have recognized Malet; he would have succeeded, and — whew, though! what a tangle we should have been in!"

Philip felt proud of his friends. Mademoiselle and Pierre had saved the Empire, and won the thanks of the Emperor.

"Long life to both of you!" the page cried. "Pierre, you will get your step."

Pierre did get his step. For when the Emperor returned to Paris, Pierre was made a police inspector — the youngest on the force — and besides he received the thanks of the Emperor in person.

"You were the only one, you boy," said Napoleon, "among all those imbeciles in power, that had eyes, and could see: that had brains, and could use them. I said you were clever. I was right. My faith! if you were but old enough I would make you Minister of Police. Boy though you are, you are the best duke among them all."

For, you see, Napoleon did come back. That coming back is historic. The world has not yet finished talking of it.

Philip was on hand when it happened. It was December 18, in that eventful year of 1812. Paris was depressed. France was distressed. The world was astonished. Only the day before there had been made public a bulletin from the army in Russia, in which the Emperor told France that he had not succeeded in conquering Russia. He had not lost a battle. His soldiers had been brave and heroic. But the weather had proved their enemy. The cold had been so intense that men and horses had perished. Order had been lost. War and disaster fell upon the armies of France. The Cossacks had harried them. In recrossing the Beresina river many had been drowned. But the Emperor was alive and well.

Men shook their heads gravely over this unexpected news. But boys are ever hopeful. Philip had said: "Ah! the Emperor is there. He will soon set matters right." And he had thought but little of disaster. For his Emperor

had never known defeat! His Emperor never could know it!

It was half-past eleven o'clock on the night of December 18. Philip was on duty at the Tuileries. At his post outside the drawing-room of the Empress he sat nodding, half asleep.

Suddenly he started to his feet. The sound of voices in dispute, as if demanding an entrance, came to his ears. They were in the corridor below him, at the very entrance to the palace.

The door of the antechamber in which the listening page was stationed was flung open. Two men hurried in. They were wrapped in furs, and looked rough and excited.

"Is it a new plot?" Philip wondered. Beyond him were the apartments of the Empress and the little King of Rome — the heir to the Empire. Philip's breath came fast. His heart beat excitedly. He was no more than a boy, he knew, but he would defend the Empress with his life.

"Stand back, sirs!" he cried. "This is the apartment of the Empress. None may enter here!"

He had no weapon at hand, but he caught up a chair, and threatened the strangers, blocking their advance.

"What, boy! Why, young Desnouettes," cried the smaller of the two men, "do you not know me?"

It was the Emperor! Philip almost dropped in surprise.

"You, Sir?" he exclaimed in amazement. "And the Russians? Are they defeated already!"

"Already?" the Emperor repeated, almost sadly, placing a hand upon the boy's head. "We come alone. You are a brave boy, you Philip. Come, Caulaincourt."

And, without another word, the Emperor and his equerry pushed past the page, and entered the drawing-room of the Empress.

Philip was puzzled. The Emperor coming back thus secretly — and alone? He could not understand it all.

But too soon he did. And so did France. Napoleon had suffered his first defeat.

Of all that vast army, the fugitive Emperor

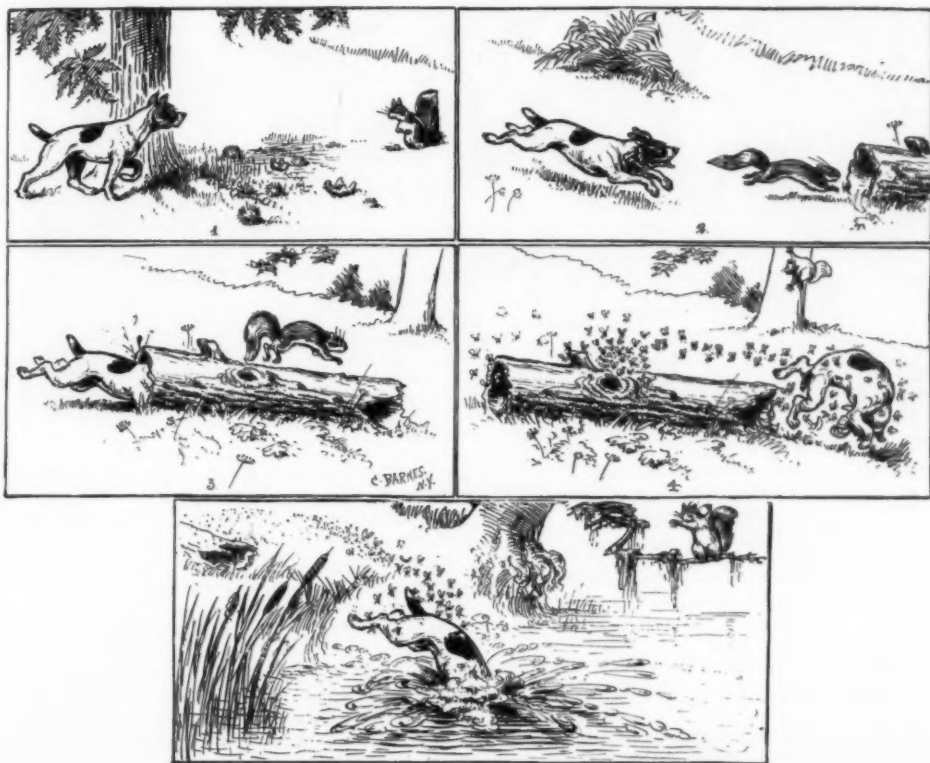
and his attendant were the only men who had yet returned. Thousands upon thousands of brave Frenchmen had left their bones bleaching upon Russian snows. Of the half-million men who with streaming banners and flashing bayonets had crossed the Niemen to conquer the East, only a paltry seventy thousand recrossed—a tattered, frost-bitten, starving, straggling, desperate, and weary band of defeated fugitives. The invasion of Russia was a terrible failure.

It was the cold that had done it. The Clerk of the Weather had taken the field against Napoleon, and the hitherto unconquered Emperor had been vanquished by the thermometer.

That was what he declared. That was what Philip accepted; and, with many a sigh and many a bitter thought, the boy, who believed so firmly in the prowess and puissance of his Emperor, blamed the Clerk of the Weather and cried, "Hard luck that! This General Frost is a beast! If only, now, the weather were a man, how the Emperor would have beaten him!"

Poor Philip; poor Emperor; poor France! Malet's conspiracy and Russian frosts were to begin a new chapter in the history of their homeland, and to all three were to bring changes and misfortunes of which none of them had ever dreamed.

(To be continued.)



THE FOX TERRIER AND THE SQUIRREL.—A TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

THREE FRESHMEN: RUTH, FRAN, AND NATHALIE.

By JESSIE M. ANDERSON.



THE AUNTS AT DINNER.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. BOFFIN IN A NEW RÔLE.

... Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

THREE days after Fran went home, she wrote a long letter to her friends at college:

The flat is a very funny affair. In the novelty of it, we have had hardly a chance to miss our dear old house. My small brothers spend their afternoons riding up and

down in the elevator, to the distraction of the lower flatters!

To-day has been an uncommonly comical one; you will enjoy an account of it.

All the morning I had been chief cook and bottle-washer in the kitchen end of the flat, and was attired in a blue-and-green plaid gingham wrapper which I had just made for Mama, and I had my hair down my back in a braid — tied, I grieve to say, with a bit of black elastic.

There came an impatient ring at the bell, and I answered it. And there stood my "Aunt Majestic," as we always call her, because, when we were children, she used to stand so loftily straight and reach out one finger to shake hands.

She lives in New York, and she does not often ven-

ture so far west as Chicago. She had not seen me for years,—since papa took me to call on her in New York, on our way home from Paris, when I was about thirteen. Of course she did not know me.

So *she* said, "Is Mrs. Townsend at home?" and *I* said, "Won't you be seated, madam, and I will ascertain." Then I flew into Mama's bedroom, and told her the tale, and warned her against giving me away. Well, if you please, who should come in next, but Aunt Phœbe, who has a sheep-ranch out in Dakota, and is perfectly reckless of conventions and of English, too, and can't abide the Majestic. She had n't seen me, either, for years.

Of course they both stayed for luncheon, and I waited upon the table.

I smuggled the boys out into the kitchen, when they came home from school, and gave them all manner of goodies as a bribe to stay there.

Well! the dear things all sat down together. Fortunately Papa did not come up for luncheon, or I should have given up the game: it is so hard explaining things to *men*!

I stood around at appropriate intervals, with the salads and things,—and my salads are *not* such stuff as dreams are made on! So you need n't pity them. Then Aunt Maria Majestic said that she hoped that Frances had been toned down a little by our trouble; for as a little child she had had an irrepressible pertness of manner, and a way of jabbering French that was anything but agreeable. Mama laughed hysterically, and tried not to look at me. And Aunt Phœbe said, "She's a bright little piece, though—that's what I always say about Fanny. She's peart, but she's cute as a gopher! But then, she's such a mere child! She'll settle—gracious sakes, she'll settle!"

I vanished into the kitchen, for Mama was anything but happy, but kept things going as well as she could till I got the face to go back and finish passing the Roquefort cheese.

Then Aunt Phœbe said: "You see, I have n't been east—to Massachusetts, that is to say—for three years, and I must say I'd like pretty well to go up and see Smith's."

And Mama told her it was *Smith*, knowing how I hate "Smith's"!

At last they got through with their eating, and everybody fell back to let the Majestic Maria get launched. And she slid into the drawing-room, and said she must hurry off to meet a friend at the Auditorium for the Philharmonic *matinée*. She had dropped in only to assure us that she would never desert us because Fortune had deserted us; and if there were anything she could do—; but Mama said we were getting on very well; whereupon she kissed Mama's cheek, and shook fingers with Aunt Phœbe,—and *she* was off.

Then I went in and owned up to Aunt Phœbe, and she's laughing yet over it. And then I went to Field's and did a little shopping, and home to write to you before I get dinner.

Was n't that a good little farce? But there! Aunt

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Phoebe wants dinner early, so that she can go to the Battle of Gettysburg cyclorama.

So it's good by to you, dear Boffins! With the same feelin's, here or in the Bower,

Your MRS. BOFFIN.

And Ruth wrote in answer:

MY DEAREST FRAN: We had all been thinking of the sad difference between the home-going at Christmas and this one for you, when your bright letter came. We see you are, as usual, making the best of everything, and getting fun out of it.

I do think, dearie, you are a wonder! And I take back most humbly all I once said about your not being a true college girl, because you liked "society" and home life. You are more of a real college girl than I; for you have shown power to adjust yourself to life, which is the aim of education,—while I only preached!

Well, dear Fran, I'm prouder of you than of any other girl in our class. Nathalie said she would write a note to go with this, but she is n't to be found! So that must wait.

With warmest love from The Bower for our cherished absent Boffin,

Lovingly,

RUTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

NATHALIE'S BIRTHDAY.

O gentle Year, I'll not entreat thee stay,—
Yet, gliding from me with the sliding sand,
Thou shalt not pass till I have kissed the hand
That gave me joys, and took but time away.

—Helen Gray Cone.

NATHALIE's two weaknesses were eating apples and lying abed in the morning. On this particular morning, just as the rising-bell rang at seven o'clock, she heard the sound of sweeping in the hall, and had one energetic thought of getting up to shut the transom against the invading dust; but a second and wiser one reminded her that it was her twentieth birthday, and surely a little indulgence in sleep was a proper luxury! So she dozed off again, with a smile as she thought of Fran's old saying, "And our little lives are rounded by a bell!"

When—at last fairly up and ready for breakfast—she opened the door, she saw what all the ostensible noise of sweeping had been. It was an ingenious cover for great preparations outside.

Tied to the door of No. 28, by strings of different lengths, rolled apples of all sizes,

shapes, and colors, with appropriate mottos, one from nearly every one of the fifty girls in the Hubbard House. One was dedicated to the "Apple of Mine Eye"; one inscribed with the legend "Wilhelm Tell"; while on twenty or thirty were comical verses, such as this:

Oh, Nathalie,
Fattily,
Never your temper rumpling,
We sigh for thee,
Die for thee,
Your teeth our fair skins crumpling!
For we are going to turn you
Into an apple-dumpling!

In the midst of the rolling apples stood the three legs of a small round table. On it, in the center, was a potted mullein plant—for Nathalie had been detected cutting out a newspaper slip on "How to redden the cheeks by rubbing them with mullein-leaves"!

All about the table, depending by bridal-looking white ribbons, were boxes of flowers, which Nathalie was trying in vain to crowd into one tall, slim vase, two little fat ones, and a small three-cornered glass bonbon dish, when in rushed Ruth's new room-mate, already almost a Boffin, with two more parcels from the florist's, and warned the excited girl that she would better be going down to breakfast, before the dining-room doors were shut. "There are only two girls and three biscuits left now, so run along!" she said, kissing Nathalie on the end of her nose. And Nathalie ran along, rather dazed, but exceedingly happy.

When she walked into the breakfast-room, one of the girls said, laughing, "'Lost to sight, to memory dear!'" And Nathalie laughed, too, and blushed, without the aid of a mullein-leaf, behind the great bunch of *Maréchal Niels* that she had tucked into her belt.

The day went on, like any common day, through recitation periods and meal occasions, with intervals for examining Nathalie's mail-packages.

In the evening the Bower gave a Dickens party, an entire surprise to Our Mutual Friend. Mr. Boffin explained that he had always wished he were in the same book with that delightful Bleak House "Guardian," and some of the rest of "Charley's" acquaintances; and that

he had availed himself of the larger liberty of American soil to gather together some of these folk for a friendly chat.

A queer concourse it was, and a merry one. Imagination and the T. Q. costume-wardrobe had done their best. Popcorn took the place of the Boffin veal-pie, and little "Oliver Twist" boldly asked for more.

"Agnes" half shrinkingly poured out a cup of tea for the squirming "Uriah Heep." "Mr. Micawber" playfully embraced "Mrs. Micawber" when she said she did n't know when she was going to get her lessons for the next morning, and assured her that something would turn up. And the stern "Widow Defarge" sat in the corner and knit and knit, and answered questions with grim composure.

But at last the ten-o'clock bell put an end to the knitting and the corn-popping—and to Nathalie's first college birthday.

"It would have been perfect if we had only had Fran here," was Nathalie's last remark, as she hurried off to her little room, storing up all the details of the fun for Fran's next Boffin letter.

CHAPTER XV.

NATHALIE AND ELSIE.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
—George Herbert.

THE last two weeks of the spring term were the most eventful of the year. Northampton was full of proud friends of the graduating class, and was at her best of bright sunshine, the air not yet too warm, the roads not yet dusty, the trees holding out a generous leafy shade, the river wide and peaceful.

The boarding-houses about town had a less poetic conception of June, and put their rates at Commencement figures. Lucky were such of the "outside" boarding students as had made their bargains fast for "board at regular rates until the middle of June"; or such as had fallen to landladies in whose souls was developed a sense of true fairness distinct from a wish to make all they could.

For the balance of supply and demand was quite lost. Many of the undergraduates had chosen this time for visits from their friends.

Ruth, fortunately, had been early in the race, and had secured for her mother and Elsie a room in Elm Street, within short walking-distance of the college.

Great was the rejoicing at the Bower when, at the last minute, Fran wrote that Aunt Phœbe had obtained for her a "pass" on the railroad which would take her to Springfield, and that she would be in Northampton for Commencement week. Mrs. Chittenden and Elsie managed to squeeze her in with them, and the whole town held no happier "family reunion" than that of the three Boffins.

But poor little Elsie had managed, in the short walk to the college grounds, to turn her foot on a stone, so that she had to stay at the Hubbard House most of the week, unable to move from the "Trojan Horse," and claiming all the Boffins' odd minutes for her amusement.

The child was a new element in the Bower, and a keen delight to the Boffins. There was a half conscious, half earnest competing for the first place in her favor; and even Ruth, who had always been Elsie's idol, was a bit piqued that Elsie chose Nathalie to stay with her one afternoon, while the others took a long-planned drive to Mount Holyoke. Nathalie was devoted to the sunny, affectionate little girl, and at Homewood had given long hours to her tiny ladyship's entertainment.

"Tell me some more of those *fascillating* stories about your brother Fred," Elsie begged restlessly.

"I will, duckie," Nathalie answered willingly, sitting down by the little maid, and stroking the soft curls as she told another of the little home stories Elsie liked so well.

Elsie clapped her hands. "I do like boys' stories and games! Will you show me, some time, how to play some of the games you've told about, when you come to Homewood?"

Nathalie smiled and promised, and had a sweet, womanly vision of the future as she lifted the tiny maid, with the clinging arms about her neck, and carried her for a "little journey round the room."

"I do love you, 'Thalie," Elsie sighed contentedly. "Can't you come and live *always* very, very near Homewood, and bring Fred?"

"I don't know about Fred," Nathalie an-

swered, laughing and kissing the soft, clinging little bundle.

CHAPTER XVI.

RUTH'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

No man can guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw to-day the face of a person he shall see to-morrow for the first time.

—Emerson.

IN the mean time, Ruth and her mother and Fran were driving along one of those straight, uneventful bits of country road that seem like certain monotonous stretches of a quiet life, when Ruth rather abruptly remarked:

"There is something on my mind, mother dear, that I wish you and Fran to know."

Something in the tone made Fran, who was sitting in front, face around so suddenly as to run the risk of upsetting the surrey by the sharp jerk of the horse to the left.

"I have decided to study medicine. I have a fair start in the natural sciences now, and I mean to do as much as possible in biology and anatomy at college, and then take my P. G. [post-graduate] in medicine. I have just lately made up my mind that I long to be a doctor."

"A bird-doctor?" said Fran, who never lost a chance to poke fun at the Audubon enthusiasm of her room-mate.

"No; a child's doctor," answered Ruth, with a quiet, half shy earnestness which shamed Fran's humor. "I do really, really mean it. Mother dear, what do you think of it?"

"You must ask papa," said Mrs. Chittenden, being that kind of woman. She had a dread of all such discussion, and now she settled back in her corner, arranging some wild flowers that Fran had picked for her.

"You know, mother, don't you, that I don't wish to do anything in the woman's-rights line? I've always thought a woman-doctor for little children would be the greatest treasure to a community. But I never thought of doing the thing myself till one day last week. Since then I've decided."

"Well, you've surprised us this time!" Fran exclaimed. "Why, *Ruth*, who'd have thought it! Our Boffin going in for a 'sphere,' and a novel, picturesque one, too! I've had that idea, myself, that men-doctors can't understand

children as well as women could — and they frighten them half to death! Why, it's a *bully* idea!"

"I never knew you so slangy before!" remonstrated Ruth, deeply gratified, however, by Fran's way of taking her news.

"It's a habit of my early youth!" Fran groaned melodramatically; "and in seasons of preternatural excitement it returns with all its former terrors!"

So they talked carelessly of other things; and the last few days of the term slid past, with hardly another mention of Ruth's plan.

As will happen in this workaday world, most of the parting words of the Boffins were — not of the past, nor of the future, of the "Family" — but of train-schedules and trunk-expressmen,

and of the ten-dollar deposit to hold her new room in the Hatfield, for which Ruth had forgotten to make any allowance in her pocket-money.

But as ideal things, too, have a trick of happening in this real world, we may take one last glimpse ahead — just seven years ahead!

At Homewood again. Will Chittenden and Nathalie are bending over their darling two-year-old, fast asleep, while Ruth looks on with a smile of deep, rare joy; and Elsie, now grown nearly as tall as her elder sister, is forced into a waltz down the hall outside by the rejoicing Fran, into whose ear she whispers:

"I'm glad Ruth did not get married, as you and Cousin Nathalie did; because she's making little Willy get well, and mothers can't make their children get well, can they?"

THE END.



THE NEW LODGER DISTURBS THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



A TENDER-HEARTED ARAB.

BY FREDERICK B. OPPER.

SAID Ali Ben Hassan, a kind-hearted man,
"I'll treat my poor camel as well as I can.

"To temper the heat, I will shade the poor fellow
With my second-best, apple-green cotton umbrella.

"With a pair of blue goggles I'll shield his poor eyes
From the glare of the sun, and I'll keep off the flies

"And cool him, at times, with my big palm-leaf fan!"
Said Ali Ben Hassan, a kind-hearted man.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN THE NURSERY.

WHEN Polly's winter hat came home,
As gay as it could be,

She begged to wear it in the house,
And out to early tea.
And then she said to brother Ted—
They both were tiny mites—
"I'm glad that wearing pretty hats
Is one of women's rights!"

L. E. Chittenden.



AN UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.

BY FELIX LEIGH.

SOPHIA'S hair was just as soft as any silk that 's
spun;
And as for fine complexions—well, I 'm sure
that *she* had one.
Her disposition, too, was kind; she 'd never
frown or pout—
*But Punch, our puppy, chewed her, and let all
her sawdust out.*

Evadne I remember well, and also my surprise
And joy when I discovered she had automatic
eyes.
She used to sleep as soundly as a mother could
desire—
*But she only stared and rattled after falling in
the fire.*

Louisa looked a perfect pet, and positively
sweet,
In pretty frilly baby clothes, with cap and shoes
complete.
She would have grown up tall and fair, I very
often think—
*But Charlie played at clergyman, and christened
her with ink.*

And now here 's Arabella, who may some day
learn to speak:
For talking ought to follow if one *cultivates* a
squeak.
She 'll probably be famous for her eloquence
and wit—
But accidents will happen, so we must n't count on it.

DANIEL BOONE AND THE FOUNDING OF KENTUCKY.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

DANIEL BOONE will always occupy a unique place in our history as the archetype of the hunter and wilderness wanderer. He was a true pioneer, and stood at the head of that class of Indian-fighters, game-hunters, forest-fellers, and backwoods farmers who, generation after generation, pushed westward the border of civilization from the Alleghanies to the Pacific. As he himself said, he was "an instrument ordained of God to settle the wilderness." Born in Pennsylvania, he drifted south into western North Carolina, and settled on what was then the extreme frontier. There he married, built a log cabin, and hunted, chopped trees, and tilled the ground like any other frontiersman. The Alleghany Mountains still marked a boundary beyond which the settlers dared not go; for west of them lay immense reaches of frowning forest, uninhabited save by bands of warlike Indians. Occasionally some venturesome hunter or trapper penetrated this immense wilderness, and returned with strange stories of what he had seen and done.

In 1769 Boone, excited by these vague and wondrous tales, determined to cross the mountains and himself find out what manner of land it was that lay beyond. With a few chosen companions he set out, making his own trail through the gloomy forest. After weeks of wandering, he at last emerged into the beautiful and fertile country of Kentucky, for which, in after years, the red men and the white strove with such obstinate fury that it grew to be called "the dark and bloody ground." But when Boone first saw it, it was a fair and smiling land of groves and glades and running waters, where the open forest grew tall and beautiful, and where innumerable herds of game grazed, wandering ceaselessly to and fro along the trails they had trodden during countless generations. Kentucky was not occupied by any Indian tribe, and was visited only by

roving war-parties and hunting-parties who came from among the savage nations living north of the Ohio or south of the Tennessee.

A roving war-party stumbled upon one of Boone's companions and killed him, and the others then left Boone; but his brother came out to join him, and the two spent the winter together. Self-reliant, fearless, and possessed of great bodily strength and hardihood, they cared little for the loneliness. The teeming myriads of game furnished abundant food; the herds of shaggy-maned bison and noble-antlered elk, the bands of deer and the numerous black bears, were all ready for the rifle, and they were bold and easily slain. The wolf and the cougar, too, sometimes fell victims to the prowess of the two hunters.

At times they slept in hollow trees, or in some bush lean-to of their own making; at other times, when they feared Indians, they changed their camping-place every night, and after making a fire would go off a mile or two in the woods to sleep. Surrounded by brute and human foes, they owed their lives to their sleepless vigilance, their keen senses, their eagle eyes, and their resolute hearts.

When the spring came, and the woods were white with the dogwood blossoms and crimsoned with the redbud, Boone's brother left him, and Daniel remained for three months alone in the wilderness. Then the brother came back again with a party of hunters; and other parties likewise came in, to wander for months and years through the wilderness; and they wrought huge havoc among the vast herds of game.

In 1771 Boone returned to his home. Two years later he started to lead a party of settlers to the new country; but while passing through the frowning defiles of Cumberland Gap, they were attacked by Indians, and driven back,—two of Boone's own sons being slain. In 1775,

however, he made another attempt; and this attempt was successful. The Indians attacked the new-comers; but by this time the parties of would-be settlers were sufficiently numerous to hold their own. They beat back the Indians, and built rough little hamlets, surrounded by log stockades, at Boonesborough and Harrodsburg; and the permanent settlement of Kentucky had begun.

The next few years were passed by Boone amid unending Indian conflicts. He was a leader among the settlers, both in peace and in war. At one time he represented them in the House of Burgesses of Virginia; at another time he was a member of the first little Kentucky parliament itself; and he became a colonel of the frontier militia. He tilled the land, and he chopped the trees himself; he helped build the cabins and stockades with his own hands, wielding the long-handled, light-headed frontier ax as skilfully as other frontiersmen did. His main business was that of surveyor, for his knowledge of the country, and his ability to travel through it in spite of the danger from Indians, created much demand for his services among people who wished to lay off tracts of wild land for their own future use. But whatever he did, and wherever he went, he had to be sleeplessly on the watch for his Indian foes. When he and his fellows tilled the stump-dotted fields of corn, one or more of the party were always on guard, with rifle at the ready, for fear of lurking savages. When he went to the House of Burgesses he carried his long rifle, and traversed roads not a mile of which was free from the danger of Indian attacks. The settlements in the early years depended exclusively upon game for their meat, and Boone was the mightiest of all the hunters, so that upon him devolved the task of keeping his people supplied. He killed many buffaloes, and pickled the buffalo beef for use in winter. He killed great numbers of black bears, and made bacon of them, precisely as if they had been hogs. The common game were deer and elk. At that time no Kentucky hunter would waste a shot on anything so small as a prairie-chicken or wild duck; but they sometimes killed geese and swans when they came south in winter and lit on the rivers.

But whenever Boone went through the woods after game, he had perpetually to keep watch lest he himself might be hunted in turn. He never lay in wait at a game-lick, save with ears strained to hear the approach of some crawling red foe. He never crept up to a turkey he heard calling, without exercising the utmost care to see that it was not an Indian; for one of the devices of the Indians was to imitate the turkey, and thus allure some inexperienced hunter.

Besides this warfare, which went on in the midst of his usual vocations, Boone frequently took to the field on set expeditions against the savages. Once when he and a party of other men were making salt at a lick, they were surprised and carried off by the Indians. The old hunter was a prisoner with them for some months, but finally made his escape and came home through the trackless woods as straight as the wild pigeon flies. He was ever on the watch to ward off the Indian inroads, and to follow the war-parties and try to rescue the prisoners. Once his own daughter and two other girls who were with her were carried off by a band of Indians. Boone collected some friends and followed them steadily for two days and a night; then they came to where the Indians had killed a buffalo calf and were camped. Firing from a little distance, they shot two Indians, and, rushing in, rescued the girls.

On another occasion, when Boone had gone to visit a salt-lick with his brother, the Indians ambushed them and shot the latter. Boone himself escaped, but the Indians followed him for three miles by the aid of a tracking dog, until Boone turned, shot the dog, and then eluded his pursuers. In company with Simon Kenton and many other noted hunters and wilderness warriors, he once and again took part in perilous expeditions into the Indian country. Twice bands of Indians, accompanied by French, Tory, and British partizans from Detroit, bearing the flag of Great Britain, attacked Boonesborough. In each case Boone and his fellow-settlers beat them off with loss. At the fatal battle of the Blue Licks, in which two hundred of the best riflemen of Kentucky were beaten with terrible slaughter by a great force of Indians from the lakes, Boone commanded the left wing. Leading his men, rifle

in hand, he pushed back and overthrew the force against him; but meanwhile the Indians destroyed the right wing and center, and got in the rear, so that there was nothing for Boone's men except to flee with all speed.

As Kentucky became settled, Boone grew restless and ill at ease. He loved the wilderness; he loved the great forests and the great prairie-like glades, and the life in the lonely little cabin, where he could see from the door the deer come out into the clearing at nightfall. The neighborhood of his own kind made him feel cramped and ill at ease. So he moved ever westward with the frontier; and as Kentucky filled up he crossed the Mississippi and settled on the bor-



DANIEL BOONE IN THE FRONTIER WOODS. AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

ders of the prairie country of Missouri, where the Spaniards, who in those early days still ruled the territory that has since become the State of Missouri, made him an alcalde, or judge. He lived to a great age, and died out on the border, a backwoods hunter to the last.

THE SQUIRRELS, MARMOTS, AND SEWELLE.*

(Fourteenth paper of the series on North American Quadrupeds.)

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

In the great Squirrel Family (*Sci-u'-ri-dæ*) there are many animals besides true squirrels; and in order to start fair with our subject, we must first know what they are. In this family, also, as well as those described in the previous paper, many new species have been discovered during the last ten years, and the following summary will show this as briefly as possible:

THE SQUIRREL FAMILY.

	Number of species in 1884.	New species added since.	Present number, Feb. 1, 1895.
Flying Squirrels.....	2	1	3
Tree Squirrels.....	20	37	57
Chipmunks.....	6	33	39
Ground Squirrels....	17	16	33
Prairie Dogs.....	2	3	5
Woodchucks.....	3	1	4
	50	91	141

* The Beaver is omitted here for the reason that ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1893, contains an admirable paper about him, by Mr. Tappan Adney, fully and finely illustrated.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL is such a graceful, big-eyed and cunning little sprite, that it always makes me think of an elf. The small boy does his coasting on a snowy hillside, the otter does his on a steep bank of snow, or of mud, but this exquisite little creature actually goes coasting in mid-air! More than that, he enjoys it hugely; and in groves where Flying Squirrels are numerous, dozens have been seen at nightfall pursuing this sport together.

Of course the Flying Squirrel has no wings, and he does not really rise and fly; but good Mother Nature has kindly given him a wide fringe of skin running nearly all the way around his body, which forms a very perfect parachute. When he leaps from his tree-top into the air, and spreads himself, his parachute and his broad, flat tail enable him to float down easily and gracefully, in a slanting direction, until he alights low down on the trunk of a tree perhaps fifty or even one hundred feet distant. Then he clammers nimbly up to its top, chooses his direction, and launches forth again, quite possibly to the same tree from which he started. His flight is simply a sailing downward at an

angle of about forty-five degrees, with a graceful sweep upward at the last, to enable him to alight easily.

The Flying Squirrel is only a trifle over nine inches in length "over all," of which the tail is about four; and, even when it is fully flattened out and spread for sailing, it can be almost covered by a page of ST. NICHOLAS. They are very sociable in their habits, and nest in hollow trees, where there are from five to seven young in each family. Sometimes when the children have grown so large as to fill the nest uncomfortably full, the old ones are literally crowded outdoors; and around the city of Washington they frequently build summer nests for themselves close by the oak-tree home.

Of the Tree Squirrels (genus *Sciurus*) there are fifty-seven species and subspecies; but there are not so many individuals that any boy or man can go out with a nasty old shot-gun and kill a dozen of them in one day without being guilty of pot-hunting and murder. I have known men to boast of having "bagged" twenty-eight, thirty-six, and even *forty* squirrels in one day,—as if they had done a thing to be proud of! Proud of what? Of waging elaborate and scientific warfare on the easiest of all "game" to kill.

NORTHERN GRAY SQUIRREL.

(*Sciurus Carolinensis leucotis*.)

In the East the NORTHERN GRAY SQUIRREL is the commonest species, and that which is most widely known. There is no need to describe it here; but when you come to describe its nesting habits, beware of making assertions as to what it does *not* do. In Washington I once heard a lively three-cornered dispute on this subject, which was quite instructive. One boy



THE FLYING SQUIRREL IN FLIGHT AND AT REST.

asserted that the Gray Squirrel nests in hollow trees, beech or oak preferred. Another declared that in summer it builds a nest of green leaves, for summer use only. A third contended that the summer nest is built of bark strippings from cedar-trees, made into a big, round ball. Within a month we collected, within ten miles of the National Museum, three fine nests which proved that all three of the disputants were right! Moral: Never

base a general statement on insufficient facts.

The strangest fact about the Northern Gray Squirrel is its extreme variability in color. Nature seems to have determined that this creature should violate every known law of color-marking in animals. In a fairly large collection of skins, you may find perhaps twenty which will show twenty distinct gradations, from the typical whitish-gray to jet black!

This species inhabits the entire northeast quarter of the United States, from the Missouri River to Washington, D. C., and southern Canada. It prefers hard-wood forests where nuts are abundant, is very social and playful in its habits, and no longer exists anywhere in sufficient numbers to do harm to the farmer. During the last century, and even as late as the year 1819, Northern Gray Squirrels were so numerous that they occasionally collected in immense numbers, and indulged in a grand migration, usually eastward or southward, devouring so much corn and wheat *en route* that the farmers always killed as many of them as possible. In 1819 Audubon encountered an army of these squirrels swimming the Ohio River about one hundred miles below Cincinnati. Now, however, their numbers are too few to make up such excursions, and their wits are taxed to the utmost to live snugly at home without being shot. I have kept many of these



THE GRAY SQUIRREL AND ITS SUMMER NEST.

squirrels as pets; but outside a good stout cage I never liked them very much. They are too nervous and irritable, too ready to bite or scratch, and far too ready to gnaw things that in your opinion do not need to be gnawed. The place for a squirrel is a grove, and in my opinion no grove can be called complete without a good big family of them.

THE SOUTHERN GRAY SQUIRREL is an own

(*Sciurus Caro-li-nen'sis Caro-li-nen'sis*) brother of the preceding

species, but brownish-yellow on the back instead of whitish-gray, and a little smaller in size. Its range begins where the other leaves off, and extends throughout the Southern States into Mexico; but members of this species scorn to show the black color-phases so common in the North.

All three varieties of the big FOX SQUIRREL were named after the red fox; FOX SQUIRREL. but, sad to say, so far as color (Sciurus niger) is concerned, almost any fox

except the blue one might have stood as god-father. In the matter of color variations, the Gray Squirrel is bad enough, surely; but as a turncoat the Fox Squirrel is positively awful. Probably no two naturalists could write independent descriptions of the standard color of this species, and have them agree.

The Fox Squirrel is large and stoutly built,

and its hair is coarse and rather harsh. The color of a typical specimen of the Western variety is a mixture of dark red, black, and white on the back, and cinnamon-brown underneath. The type of the variety known as the SOUTHERN FOX SQUIRREL is much paler, and more inclined to be gray and white. But the color variations of both varieties of the Fox Squirrel are most bewildering. When Audubon and Bachman encountered this harlequin, the varieties of tint in different specimens were so great that among fifty or more skins they could

THE RED SQUIRREL, has always seemed to me OF CHICKAREE a sort of connecting link (*Sciurus Hudsonius*), between the foregoing tree-squirrels and the chipmunks. Although a true tree-squirrel, and a very active climber, he spends quite a large portion of his life upon the ground, and loves a rail-fence almost as dearly as does a chipmunk. Not only that: when the upper floors of his tree are all occupied, he blithely makes his nest under its roots until some third-floor lodger moves out. Oftener, however, he builds a big round nest,

of the soft, fibrous bark of the cedar, in the top of a sapling, thirty or forty feet from the ground. In the American Museum at New York you may see a beautiful group, the work of the late Jenness Richardson, showing a family of Red Squirrels and its nest, which is in the top of a honeylocust tree, and partly hidden by the leaves of a Virginia creeper.



A MOUNTED SPECIMEN OF THE FOX SQUIRREL.

not find two exactly alike; and so in their plate they thought it necessary to reproduce *three*, "an orange-colored one, a gray one, and one nearly black"!

The three varieties of this species—of which the NORTHERN FOX SQUIRREL is the third—inhabit the whole of the central, eastern, and southern United States, and it not infrequently happens that two sharply contrasted colors are found in the *same family*.

In California the big CALIFORNIA GRAY SQUIRREL seems to the Eastern man like a big, overgrown Northern Gray Squirrel. In Arizona and New Mexico the pert-looking and very pretty ABERT'S SQUIRREL looks like the same creature with the addition of a fine, showy tuft of hair rising above each ear, an ornament by which this species can be recognized anywhere at sight.

The cunning little Red Squirrel is one third smaller than the northern gray, but twice as saucy and interesting. It inhabits the north-eastern quarter of the United States, and southern Canada, and finds its way even as far north as Alaska. It is most abundant, however, in the Middle States and New England. In California it is represented by a subspecies, larger than itself, called DOUGLAS'S SQUIRREL, or PINE SQUIRREL, which is found everywhere in

the forests of giant pines and spruces of the Sierra Nevada mountains. John Muir declares the Pine Squirrel to be the most interesting of all Californian squirrels, and he asserts that it surpasses all others in force of character, numbers, extent of range, and influence.

Next below the tree-squirrels come the Chipmunks, of which our dear little friend of the rail-fence, the COMMON CHIPMUNK, is the type.

COMMON CHIPMUNK. You all know him well—the little midget

(*Tamias stri-a-tus*.)

who suddenly flashes ahead of you upon the fence-rails as you pass along a country road. If you stop to look at him, he will return the compliment, and keep as still as a stuffed squirrel so long as you care to watch him. When you thoroughly alarm him, however, chain-lightning is not much quicker in its movements than he. His home is generally under the roots of a tree, but a crevice among rocks is also quite good enough. He is too small to be killed for food (so the pot-hunters think), what he eats is never missed, and so he survives in places where all the tree-squirrels have been either killed or driven away. There are a number of subspecies of this type scattered throughout temperate North America, in nearly all the timbered regions, and in many of the desert regions also.

Leaving all the tree-climbing



RED SQUIRRELS AND NEST.

hindus, descend-very earth, the ground-bodied and close-hither and thither prairies of the

squirrels be- and fairly ing to the we find first squirrels, long-haired, scurrying over the barren West, and living



ABERT'S SQUIRREL. (SEE PAGE 604.)

in holes in the ground. Some are gray, but the bodies of many of them are gorgeously striped with yellow and black stripes, and lines of dots. When you see a yellowish-brown streak dart across a prairie or a meadow, and, stopping suddenly, assume the form and fixedness of a tent-peg a foot high, you may conclude that the creature you have seen is a ground squirrel and a spermophile.

The most familiar form of this group is a little fellow whose Latin name is almost as long as himself—the STRIPED SPERMOPHILE, of the central United States.

STRIPED SPERMOPHILE. The last mouthful of his Latin name means "thirteen-lined." Of

the thirty species in this group, or genus, several are so destructive to growing grain that they have been made the subject of an elaborate report to the Commissioner of Agriculture by Mr. Vernon Bailey, of Dr. Merriam's Bureau of Ornithology and Mammalogy.

Less active and daring, but more sociable in his habits, and far more interesting in disposition, is our old friend of the plains, the PRAIRIE DOG. He is about as much like a dog as he

PRAIRIE DOG.
(*Cy'no-mys lu-do-vi-ci-an'us.*)

although he is a jolly little fat-paunched, stub-tailed PRAIRIE MARMOT, his name will be Prai-



THE COMMON CHIPMUNK.

rie Dog to the end of his chapter. He always lives "in town," and generally owns a lot about thirty feet square, free of all encumbrances, and bare as a brick-yard. Like the Brahmins of India, he welcomes you no farther than his front door, and I have yet to see a man who has beheld the interior of his bedchamber. I once tried to lay bare the inner secrets of a Prairie Dog's domicile; but after digging down six feet or more, we took soundings, found "no bottom," and threw up the contract. Plainsmen say this creature burrows down until he strikes water; and if they should say that he finally strikes fire also, I would not dispute it.

I have seen some Prairie Dog towns that I thought of vast extent; but one which was described to me by Mr. Arthur B. Baker, of the

is like an elephant,—he has four legs, and he can't climb a tree,—and although he is a jolly little fat-paunched, stub-tailed PRAIRIE MARMOT, his name will be Prairie Dog to the end of his chapter. He always lives "in town," and generally owns a lot about thirty feet square, free of all encumbrances, and bare as a brick-yard. Like the Brahmins of India,

Washington "Zoo," is the largest on record, so far as I know. It begins in Trego County, Kansas, five miles west of the hundredth meridian, and extends along a divide north of the Smoky Hill River, practically without a break, into Colorado, a total distance of about one hundred miles! The town varies in width from half a mile to five miles, and on the top of the divide the nearest water is 350 feet below the surface! Do the "dogs" burrow down to that water? Hardly.

Last of the Squirrel Family, and least like a squirrel, is our neighbor of the "stump lot," the WOODCHUCK, or GROUND HOG. He may look stupid, and even act so upon occasion; but for all that he is a wise animal. He knows

WOODCHUCK.
(*Arc-to-mys mo'max.*)

enough to live chiefly upon clover and grass and let the farmer's grain and vegetables carefully alone,—for which consideration the farmer tolerates his presence in his meadows. While a pair of red squirrels will sometimes store up a bushel and a half of nuts for winter use, the Woodchuck stores up nothing save a plentiful supply of fat under his skin, and, with that to draw upon, he blithely goes to sleep in his burrow about the first of November, and sleeps soundly until March.

With the slaughter of foxes and large birds



A VILLAGE OF PRAIRIE DOGS.

of prey, the Woodchucks increase in number. In Orleans County, New York, the father of my young friend Mason L. Davis owns a farm on which is a "stump lot" that is literally swarming with Woodchucks. In 1894 Mason and his brother shot over one hundred of them. Were those animals to breed unchecked, they would soon be in absolute possession of the entire farm.

Did you ever see or hear of an animal called the SEWELLEL? Unless you live on the Pacific

Coast, the chances are you will be

obliged to say "No." Then let me introduce a stranger from the very far West. He lives in only a few places in some of the mountains of northern California, Oregon, Washington, and southern British Columbia, and his names are many. Besides the one above, he is also called the MOUNTAIN BEAVER, and SHOWT'L.

He looks like a tailless muskrat, feeds like a beaver, fights like a little fiend when brought



THIRTEEN-LINED SPERMOPHILE.

to bay, is sociable in habit like the prairie dog, can climb bushes four feet high, and is the only mammal known to me that really prefers to burrow in wet, boggy ground. The Sewellel



WOODCHUCKS AND THEIR BURROW.

is so different from all other creatures that the two species now known occupy a family all by themselves. The

Nisqually Indians say it was the first animal created. The larger of the two species measures sixteen inches in length, and weighs four pounds.

This strange creature was discovered by Lewis and Clark in 1814. Its life history and character remained but little known, even to naturalists, until 1885. In that year Dr. C. Hart Merriam instigated a search for it, which resulted in the capture of a fine series of specimens in Placer County, California.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY Maytime to you, my hearers! In a few weeks you'll have the month of roses, yet the world is at its fairest now, to those who love the early wild-flowers—but you must find them for yourselves, and I know you will. No need of describing them to you, my children; already you have had handfuls of them, and more are to come: arbutus, that began its delicate pink blooming under the very snow; anemones, wild azaleas, bright-red columbine; violets, tall and yellow; violets, white and low; violets, blue and timid, hiding among the dried leaves of last year—and then the quaint purple-red wake-robin, that in spite of its name is apt to sleep until after the robins are wide-awake and busy. May is the month of young bloom,—overhead, in the trees, underfoot, in the mold, by brooks, in crannies, and up and down the hillsides; and every tiny leaf, every smallest growing thing, is worthy of study and of love.

“All's right with the world!”

sang the poet long ago, my children and you can sing it as well to-day.

It is too soon to gather fern-seed; but before long there'll be plenty. You must know just where to look for it, though, even after you have found the fern. I know of one young girl who found a good deal last season, and this is the story she told about it, given you in verse by Agnes L. Mitchill.

FERN-SEED.

If you gather all the fern-seed,—
The little green fern-seed,—
And put it in your shoe, so they say,
You can see a thousand things,
You can fly, too, without wings,
And nobody can see you on your way.

So I hunted for the fern-seed,—
The little green fern-seed,—
And I filled up all the space in my shoe;
Then I hurried home to try
If they'd know that it was I.
And the first thing mother said was
“Here is Lou!”

TALL FERNS.

THE ferns in my meadow are uncurling their pretty fronds, and soon the delicate leaves will wave their tender green. But they never can be very tall,—certainly not so tall as the ferns that a little Honolulu friend of mine describes. She says the stems were thicker than her papa's thumbs, and they towered away up over his head. Now, who among you have seen ferns as tall as these, supposing this Sandwich Island papa to be about six feet high in his boots?

HERE comes a bright little bit of live grammar straight to this pulpit. It was written for the Little Schoolma'am by my eleven-year-old friend Anna Prentice.

WHAT THE LITTLE PRONOUN TOLD ME.

I'M a little pronoun. My names are who, whose, whom.

When I do anything, people call me WHO. When I own something, people call me WHOSE. When somebody does something to me, I am called WHOM.

If you see me, you may be pretty sure there is a noun somewhere around.

I'm not just a common pronoun: I'm a relative pronoun. All pronouns cannot have people with them constantly, as I can.

Sometimes I'd like to be by myself, as my cousin I (who is a personal pronoun) can be.

I go with a very select set of nouns. They all tell about people, not mere things.

Sometimes ignorant people put me with those ordinary nouns that mean only things. But it is better not to do so, as I belong to persons only, not to things.

To think of it! I can go with even those very stuck-up proper nouns.

The noun I go with is called my antecedent.

I would give you a few sentences, and see if you could find me in them; but it is much better to let you make some for yourselves: only be sure not to put me with those nouns that mean only things.

DREADFUL NEWS.

A POOR little girl in the Red School-house has ONYCHOPHAGIA!

No, she will not die of it; but she must be cured pretty soon, the family say. The English name of her serious complaint, or habit, is *nail-biting*. Yes, the dear child bites her nails, and her poor little stubby fingers are getting very tired indeed of Onychophagia—so are her teeth. But she enjoys it, or thinks she does, poor child!

THE GREAT PUSSY-CAT PUZZLE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In the April ST. NICHOLAS you showed your young friends some "Reflections of a Cat," sent by Amy G. One of these feline thoughts was, "No one but a cat knows how we always manage to land on our feet." If the cat's opinion was correctly reported, the cat was behind the times.

From a traveled Puss in Boots I learn that the French Academy of Sciences has lately given much time to this puzzle, and a certain M. Marey claims to have solved it. The camera was used to find out how cats turn while falling. A cat was held three or four feet from the floor, back downward, and dropped. During the fall the camera was arranged to take fourteen pictures of the moving cat.

The photographs proved that the cat first put its fore legs down toward its body, and then brought them around toward the ground—using the rear half of the body to give the resistance. Then, being half over, the hind legs and tail were revolved, while the fore part of the body served in turn as resistance, thus bringing all four legs undermost.

The wise men are still disputing about the question, but the silent camera has by far the best of the argument.

I send you a diagram, drawn after the photographs.

I am one of your older readers, and the father of two "little folks" who enjoy ST. NICHOLAS. J. T.



DIAGRAM.

I thank you very much, J. T., and do not see how any cat after this can accuse mankind of not having looked into the cat-landing problem. Deacon Green says the solution reminds him somewhat of an experiment sometimes attempted by small boys—namely, lifting one's self by one's own ears; but then, the Deacon is not strictly scientific. Besides, there are the photographs.

THE PERSIAN CAT TELLS A STORY.

HERE is a letter which claims to come from a Persian cat; and surely no American cat could have written it. The dear Little Schoolma'am tells me that this legend of Ali is known in Persia, and that to this day all the cats of that country always land upon their four feet in falling:

TO THE JACK-OF-THE-PULPIT—Great Teacher: I hope that you the English will pardon of this from one who know only the wisdom of the East, lacking the knowledge of arts in the West. But I have the ST. NICHOLAS seen of April—our month Ramadan—that tells of the cat, how he fall ever on feet. And say I myself, "Why do not the Moslem tell their legend?" So I write you how that Omar had envy of Ali, successor of our Prophet, and would show him in error. Omar, taking in hand one bit of wheat, spake thus to Ali, saying, "Tell me, shall this be now food for me?" Then speaks Ali, in trust that he will overcome Omar, "No. Thou cannot have food of it." Then Omar made to swallow the bit of wheat, but it fell down even to the floor. The

cat of Ali made a jump and did catch the wheat, like as a mouse, and made a swallow of it. So Omar went confused away, and to the cat of the true faith Ali in thanks granted a gift that forever it should not fall but on feet. And thus it rests as Ali willed it, not in Persia by itself, but the world around.

And this, a true account for the faithful, do we ever make to be known to our kittens, little ones.

In the name of the Prophet, peace.

A CAT OF PERSIA.

KIND-HEARTED BIRDS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I lately read in our *Globe-Democrat* a true account of some birds, told by Oswald Grafton; and as it proves that birds sometimes may be really charitable, I copied the story for you and your congregation. Here it is:

"A pair of robins had their nests in the fence near the house, while a pair of catbirds had built theirs in a bush close by. The two pairs hatched out their young at about the same time; but soon the robins disappeared entirely, and I concluded they had been killed. The young robins appeared to be starving. When the catbirds came with a bit of food for their young, the baby robins would thrust up their heads and make a great noise. Presently it was noticed that the catbirds were feeding the hungry orphans. Every night, too, while one of the catbirds covered its own young, its mate performed the same service for the young robins. In this way both broods were reared, the robins growing up as strong and lively as though they had been cared for by their own parents." Yours truly, DOROTHY J—

GOOD FRIENDS.

THE Little Schoolma'am informs me that Professor Hornaday is telling you about squirrels this month. Well, we 'll have a little overflow meeting out here. Here is a true squirrel story told in a letter that has just been brought by my birds:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: One day, not long ago, I was walking in Central Park, and as I came down a certain path I saw several squirrels playing on the grass. Another one was quite by himself, lying at full length on one of the highest branches of a tall oak-tree; and from what happened soon after, I think that he was expecting a friend.

Presently I saw a gentleman come down the path, stop at the foot of the tree, look up, and call, "Come! Come! Here I am!"

The squirrel seemed to have been waiting for this voice, for at the first sound he ran quickly down the tree to the lowest branch, gave one flying leap, and landed on the gentleman's shoulder.

"Will you have your dinner now?" he asked.

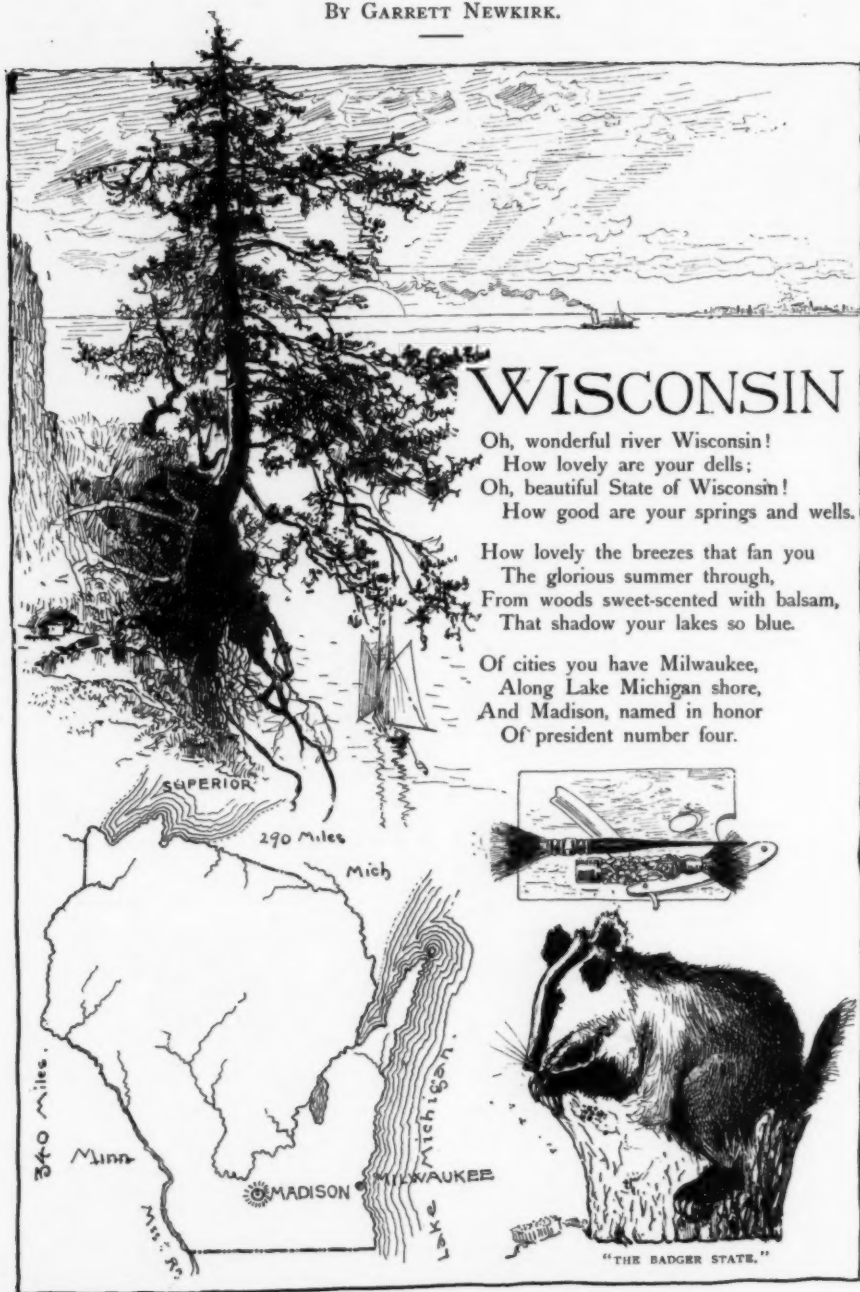
The squirrel answered in his own language, which I do not understand. I suppose he said, "Yes, thank you," for the gentleman put his hand into his pocket and drew out a nut from which he took the shell; then, turning his head toward the squirrel, he fed him the kernel—the gentleman holding it between his lips.

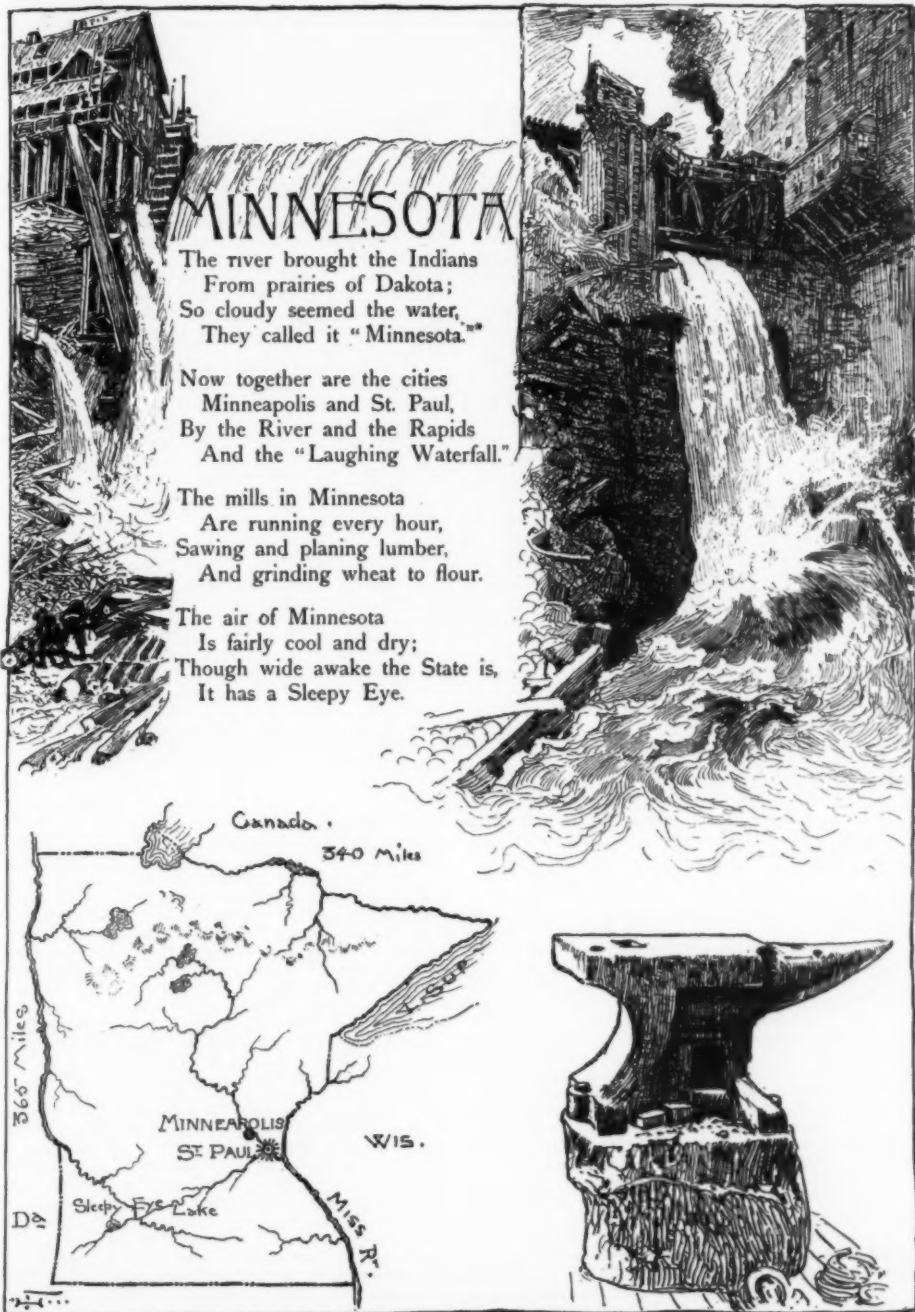
It was a pretty sight to see the squirrel put his little head close to the face of the gentleman. After watching him eat a few nuts I walked on (as the dinner promised to be a long one), leaving two very happy friends under the big oak-tree.

Yours truly, M. B. M.

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.





"Turbid water" is the meaning of the Indian name "Minnesota."

THE LETTER-BOX.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and I have studied the different wild birds for four years, and find them very interesting, indeed. In May, 1894, I had a very nice time watching a pair of house-wrens (*Troglodytes aedon*). It was very interesting to watch them build their nest. After working a little while, they would both come down on the fence and sing for about five minutes, and then go to work again. They were very tame; I could stand within fifteen feet, and they did not mind it at all. I find all birds very entertaining to watch and to study. I like St. NICHOLAS very much.

Yours sincerely, EDMUND R. P. J.—

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: An amusing scene occurred in a trolley-car in a suburban part of Newark, on a stormy night of last winter. There were only two men in the car. Presently one of them opened a large bundle which he held, and took out a link sausage. Then he took out his jack-knife, and stuck the sausage on it. Then he opened the door of the little stove on the seat of the car, and cooked the sausage at the fire and ate it.

This is a true story, for the other man in the car was my uncle, and he told this to me.

FLORENCE E. D.—

EAST HADDAM, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and I live in the picturesque village of East Haddam, which is situated on the banks of the Connecticut River.

The article which was in one of your numbers about Nathan Hale reminds me of the house in this town which is famed for its historical associations. It is a small, weather-beaten house where Nathan Hale used to teach school. It is now occupied by an old woman nearly one hundred years of age, who has lived there ever since she was a year and a half old. It has been removed from the little school-yard where it stood when the brave soldier taught in it, and an addition has been built on to it.

One summer evening I was passing by the house, and the door facing the street stood open, and I crossed the threshold which had been crossed so many times by the British soldier in the days long since passed by.

I would like to tell your boy and girl readers about my Literature Album. Mama selects pictures of noted men and women from different papers and magazines and pastes them in a large scrap-book. Mama cut pictures of Emerson, Bryant, and Tennyson from late numbers of your magazine and put them in the album. I also have pictures of Charles Dickens and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Taylor, Edison, Louise Chandler Moulton, Lady Henry Somerset, Frances E. Willard, and many others, and a few selected poems and stories.

The window where I am writing looks up the river toward Hartford.

It is a beautiful view in summer, but in winter the ice and snow have a dreary look.

Across the river, behind the hills, the sun has just set, flooding the water with crimson and gold, and making it seem like fairyland.

Your devoted reader, LUCILE V. R.—

HACIENDA HORNOS, COAHUILA, MEXICO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Since I wrote to you last, our family has moved from Vera Cruz to my mother's cotton-plantation in southern Coahuila. I have n't even seen half of it, for it contains 173 square leagues. There are about twenty different ranches, each with its majordomo. We live in the principal one, which is called "Hornos"; this means "ovens" in English, and they say it is a very appropriate name in April and May, for it is then exceedingly warm.

I miss my home by the sea, but am very contented here. My brothers and I study at home. We have three teachers. For amusement we go horseback-riding to the different ranches, and we play tennis, cricket, and croquet. Each has his own garden. In the summer we shall have quantities of grapes, figs, pomegranates, watermelons, and muskmelons.

Your devoted friend, C. M.—

TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for three years, and are very fond of you. I don't know what we'd do without you at all. I am a little girl twelve years old, and the oldest child in our family. I have two sisters and one brother. We children, with two boy cousins of ours, have a family monthly paper, of which I am the editor. I can tell you it keeps me pretty busy. It contains stories, poetry, riddles, jokes, advertisements, notices, etc. We all enjoy "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" very much, and read it at the table when St. NICHOLAS comes. Your affectionate reader,

ISABEL R. MCC.—

WATERFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been in our family so long, you are like a dear old friend, *always welcome*. A few days ago I chanced to notice the date of our first bound volume, 1874—twenty years ago. The date instantly recalled a picture of three little girls—Anna, May, and baby Adele (who used to say, "Mama, I do think Palmer Cox nice to make such funny little 'Brownies'")—bending over the pages of St. NICHOLAS, admiring the beautiful pictures, reading and chatting about the bright, interesting stories.

"Jack and Jill," "Donald and Dorothy," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Lady Jane," "Polly Oliver," and a host of others, have become household names in our family.

Later, when school-girls, the three would often look over the bound volumes for something they had read years before. Many times have I heard May exclaim: "Why, mama, what should I do without St. NICHOLAS? It helps me so much in my history and literature." Now, two little grandchildren, Ammie and Earl, are learning to love "Dear St. Nick." We were all greatly interested in the stirring story of "Decatur and Somers."

Your July number was splendid; I hope you will give us more like it, that our young sons and daughters of these United States of America may understand the true meaning of Abraham Lincoln's immortal words: "That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

A MOTHER.

ENFIELD, HANTS COUNTY, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't take you. You are sent to me; but I like you just the same. Maybe some of the readers would like to hear from the Land of Evangeline. A great many people come from the United States every year to visit the scene of Longfellow's famous poem "Evangeline." It is a beautiful country. One can still see the old French cellars and dikes, also the old elms and willows planted so long ago. I have heard that a cane made from one of these old trees was presented to Longfellow. Mama told me that the children used to bring apples from the old orchards to school. Maybe you will think the English cruel in driving the French from their homes, but it was the best they could do under the circumstances. The French kept encouraging the Indians in acts of outrage against the English. We live quite handy to the Shubenacadie River; in summer we have fun bathing in the river. The name Shubenacadie means abounding in ground-nuts. Good-bye.

Your reader, ROLAND MCN—.

BILLINGS, MON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl fourteen years old.

My cousin Eleanor, who resided in College Point, Long Island, sent all her ST. NICHOLAS magazines to me, from 1886 to 1890. She left for London, England.

I have read your bound volumes during a year, and have already come to the January, '95, number. I think it is just the best book out.

I live three thousand miles from New York, right in Montana, amid sage-brush, prairie-dogs, and mountains.

Yesterday a man brought twelve coyotes to town to get bounty, fifty cents each; they looked as if they had come from a museum.

I have a little pony called "Dolly." Last summer Dolly took me to Dayton, Wyoming, and back, 150 miles each way. I stopped overnight with my father at Indian houses. My pony goes seven miles an hour, but loves to go five miles, and delights to walk two miles an hour, if I will let him. Respectfully, AMY H—.

OLYMPIA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Western boy ten years old, and live on Puget Sound, in Olympia, the capital. You Eastern people do not realize what Puget Sound is. You might think that it is only as large as Long Island Sound. And you might think there are no islands in it, but it is so dotted up with them that it is sometimes called the "Mediterranean of America." There is one island seventy miles long in it. Last summer we camped on Fidalgo Island, where my little brother and I used to catch large crabs and cook them on the beach, then eat them. We used to go sailing very often, because there were two sail-boats right in front of the house we camped in. It was an old hotel with twenty-seven rooms. The West is not all cities—the way it is where you are published. We have some very valuable cedar-trees growing all along the shores. We have just had the large State seal brought to Olympia; it is eight feet square, and is made of pieces of wood that grow in Washington. We have very good fishing here, and now smelt are so thick that men cut a long pole and drive nails through it, and just rake them out. I like halibut the best—a very large, flat fish that weighs sometimes one hundred pounds. We have good salmon also; and we spear salmon. We have a friend visiting us now from Portland, Oregon, and she said that a Chinaman speared a salmon on First and Salmon streets at the time of the flood. I have taken you four years, and am always glad when the mailman brings another number. My little

brother, though only six years old, likes "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp"; but I will stop because now I think you will know more about Puget Sound.

Your sincere friend, TREMAIN H—.

NO. 38, TSUKIJI, TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second time that I have written to your splendid magazine.

I have lived my life of thirteen years in Japan, except two years which I spent in the United States, between my fourth and seventh birthdays.

We have very good times in Japan, on the whole.

There are about twenty American boys in Tsukiji, over ten years old and under eighteen; all of us (except four) go to the Tsukiji school, which has four teachers—one American, two English, and one German.

At this school I study Latin, Greek, English Literature, Geometry, Physiography, Arithmetic, Algebra, English History, Universal History, and Ancient History.

Japan and China, as you no doubt know, are at war, and the Japanese have won several great victories.

The cities Seoul, Asan, Phyang-yang, and Pingyang have been captured from the Chinese in Corea, and Port Arthur in China. A naval victory has been won off the Yalu River.

Port Arthur is a seaport, and its loss will be a heavy one to China, since it contains the only dock in China in which a large man-of-war can be repaired after being injured in a fight.

The Japanese do not call the city "Port Arthur," but "Riojuncon." The Japanese talk of it as the "Gibraltar of Japan."

The Yalu River is the boundary-line between China and Corea.

The Japanese fleet, consisting of eleven cruisers, and commanded by Admiral Ito, was cruising around the mouth of the river when the Chinese fleet, commanded by Admiral Ting, and consisting of eleven cruisers and two battle-ships, came up, and a battle ensued.

Four of the Chinese ships were sunk, and the rest more or less severely injured.

Most of the Japanese ships sustained slight injuries, but none were lost.

The Japanese won through superior skill and bravery.

Hoping that you will print this letter, I am

Your interested reader, JOHN C. MACK—.

MIAKKA RIVER, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear from a girl who spends her winters in Florida. At present we are at anchor on this river, for which our boat is named. There is no habitation within a long distance of us, although there are two empty houses on the bank, and we rowed over to see them this morning. One of them had an alligator's skin nailed up on the side of it.

Our boat is a naphtha yacht, made for cruising in these waters. At present she is rocking considerably, but a true sailor prefers some motion to a quiet sea. We are within a few miles of the Gulf of Mexico, and must expect some rough water.

It is very warm here, although we have some cool weather, just the same as Northerners have cold winds during their summer months.

The place where we are, when not boating, is as far south as one can go by rail on the west coast of Florida; but one can go by steamer to several other places farther south.

I have your delightful magazine every month, even in this far-off place. Ever your devoted reader,

ELEANOR H. D—.

ST. HELENA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter in your "Letter-box" from this part of the United States, so I thought I would write you one. The climate here is very warm in the summer, and not very cold in the winter. We seldom have snow in the valley, but we see it every year on the mountains. In the springtime the country around us is lovely, we have so many varieties of wild flowers, and everything is fresh and green.

Two years ago we went down to Pacific Grove, which is a small town on the sea-shore near Monterey. We stayed three months, and had a lovely time. We had lots of fun going in wading and bathing in the surf, and having picnics. We saw several whales while there; they would come up in the bay, quite close to the shore, and once one jumped up out of the water.

There is a beautiful drive there which is eighteen miles long. It winds in and out among the woods, and nearly all of it is along the ocean. We went around it and stayed all day. A great many seals live on some rocks which are quite near the drive in the edge of the ocean. They are always barking or fighting, and are very inquisitive. Sometimes they will come close to the edge of the beach, to see something that looks strange to them.

There is also a place called Point Lobos, and part of it was once a volcano. It is of a very peculiar formation, and is so hard that even a small rock cannot be broken off without great difficulty. The place where the crater was is now on the level with the ocean, and forms a pretty little bay. It is thought that at one time there was a great eruption there, which caused the change.

There is a large mountain near us, which was also a volcano, but is now extinct.

Your sincere friend, LUCIA S.—

GRANITE, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly five years, but have never written you a line.

I live in Montana in a little town called Granite, and it is well named, as granite is about the only kind of rock one finds here. It is a very nice place to live during the summer-time, but it is dreary enough in winter. There is about three feet and a half of snow here now, with promise of more to come. I have a pair of Norwegian snowshoes, or "skees," and have great fun riding on them. I use a pole with a spike in one end, and go flying down the hillsides. I have a dog called "Snyder," who often follows me on my snowshoeing trips.

I must close now; so, wishing you a long life,
I remain your reader, A. NEIL C—

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our papa has taken you for a long time, nearly ever since you began. We love your stories, and look forward every month to your coming. We go to Christ Church, where Washington used to go, and sometimes we go down to Mount Vernon on the electric cars. In the park there are live deer, and they will eat out of your hand. Once we gave them some crackers. We belong to the Band of Mercy for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. We have a little kitty and we call it "Tiger," on account of the stripes on its back. We go to the Capitol sometimes in Washington, and to the National Museum, where there are many wonderful and curious sights.

We remain your loving readers,
DENNIS and DOUGLAS R—

VALENCIA, SPAIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In February, 1891, you speak of some queer dwellings people in South America have, and show us a picture of a Glyptodon's armor. The other day my papa took me to see three or four very fine shells, heads, and queer tails of the prehistoric armadillo. A rich man, who had lived many years in South America, made a present of these to his native city, Valencia. You can imagine how glad I was to see and recognize these immense dwelling-shells from your drawing, since you mention they are so rare that the only perfect one of them exists in Paris.

My papa says since they have several, they ought to sell one or two of them. I wish they would, and America would buy one, that my little friends might see them too some day.

I am, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your faithful reader,
CARMEN M—

OKANAGAN, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your readers would like to hear about what we do in the West. I am only twelve years old. I have been taking you for a year. I enjoy your stories very much. Just now I am reading "A Boy of the First Empire." I find it very interesting. I do not go to school, for I have a governess in the house to teach my brother and me. I have learned to recite Harriet F. Blodgett's pretty verses. My teacher knows Harriet F. Blodgett, for she was a schoolmate of hers. We live on a ranch, and we have a lot of horses and cattle; they feed on the ranges in summer, but we have to gather them up in the winter and feed them till the next spring. Some of them are sold then, and the rest are turned out on the ranges till the next fall. I live seven miles out of the city of Vernon, in Okanagan, British Columbia. It is a very fine country for wheat and fruit of all kinds, and wild fruit is very plentiful. The mountains inclose our valley on all sides. They look very beautiful in the summer, when they are all green and covered with bright flowers of all kinds.

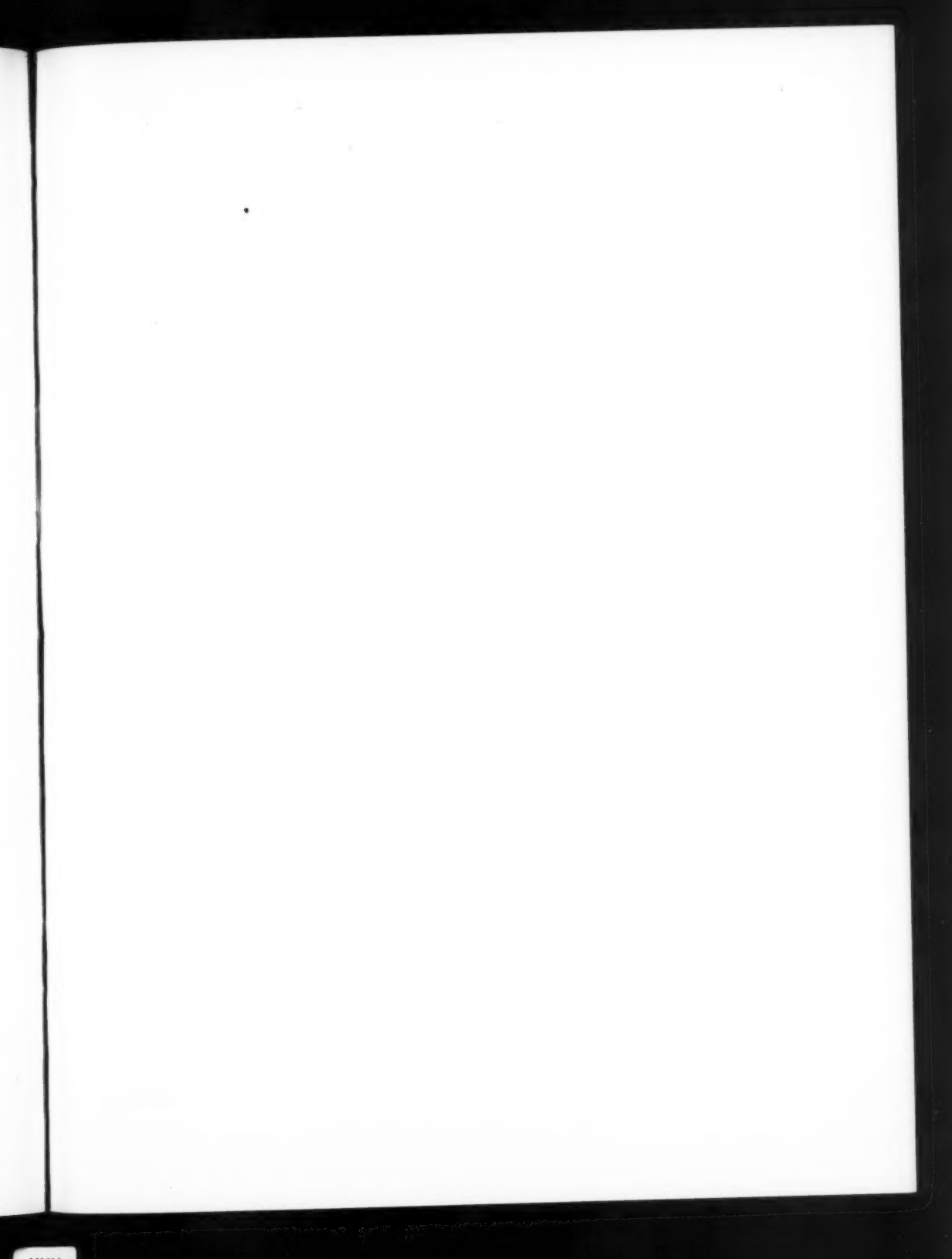
We have a very cold winter here, but it does not last long. There is an Indian reserve not very far from us. The Indians speak a language called Chinook. They are taught shorthand by the missionary priests, and they learn it very quickly, we are told. One day we went to mass at the Reserve, and they all read their prayers and sang hymns out of their shorthand books. They also have calendars for the year, and the calendars also are in the same writing.

Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I will say good-by.
Your friend, MARY G—

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Julia B., Anna E. J., Miriam S., Margaret E., A. H. T., Wm. M., Gertrude C., Anna L. M., Abby E. S., Barbara W., Anna P. C., Henry L. W., Amelia V. S., Blanche E. S., Katharine A., Nora V. S., Alice H., E., Leroy F. B., Lottie W., Robert E. R., Loretta M., Alice L. and Charlotte J. H., Mabelle H., Consuelo V., Chauncey S. DeW., Isabel C., Marion L. G., Effie B. and Bessie G., Etta and Agnes S., Rosalind L., Adele R. II., Katharine O'D. and Bessie F., Anne B. J., L. R. L., Mary E. B., Nelson B. W., Sue J., and Mabel B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

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HO, FOR THE TENNIS-COURTS!